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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

IN THIS NUMBER

PROPINQUITY

by FANNIE HURST

EDITORIAL PAGE

MAY 24, 1924 VOL. 1, NUMBER 3

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CAPITAL AND CAPITALISTS

The old saying "Give a good dog a bad name and hang him" applies to some things even more valuable than a good dog. We are thinking just now of the words "capital" and "capitalist," which in many minds have come to be bad names. In their thought capital signifies wealth obtained by some wrongful means and capitalist a possessor of great wealth who has not only accumulated riches wrongfully but uses them wrongfully.

The real nature of capital and the real service of the capitalist are sometimes hidden by evils which come, not from capital, but from imperfections of human nature.

Capital is an essential of civilized living. We can say even more than that for it. The squirrel who stores acorns in the hollow of a tree is accumulating capital and is a capitalist. He is providing for the days of bare boughs and snow covered ground. When our primitive ancestor who lived in a cave first chipped a piece of flint into the shape of a hatchet the hatchet was capital and he had become a capitalist. When he took a strong branch and used it for a lever to move a rock he could not otherwise budge, or sharpened a stick to make the first plow, he was accumulating and using capital.

Man has raised himself above the condition of the brute creation by capital. If all capital were destroyed we should fall back at once to that condition and should be compelled immediately to set to work to create capital.

Why assert what is so plain? Because we do not keep it in our thought. When capital is wrongfully used we often make the mistake of condemning not only the individuals who are at fault but also the very idea of capital. We pass laws injurious to the rightful possession and use of capital under the influence of emotion aroused by wrongs done by individuals in acquiring it or in misusing it.

Capital is the basis of civilized life, an essential to our protection and to our progress. To produce capital is necessary if we are to live as we do; to increase capital is necessary if we are to live better. Both are far more important to our safety and welfare than the punishment or even the prevention of wrongs done through the misuse of capital. We have to have laws to regulate the methods by which capital is acquired and used, but it is more important that in devising such regulations we do not discourage the production of capital or its freest rightful use. The world has seen in Red Russia what happens when the higher forms of capital are destroyed and when the motive for producing capital is discouraged by foolish laws taking from the producer what he produces.

The poorest man or woman in the world is benefited directly and indirectly by capital and is injured by acts or laws which unwisely restrict its use.

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

The Winner of the Third Prize in the $25,000 Contest to Obtain a Name for This New National Weekly Will Be Found on Page 37.

	Page
Propinquity. *How love is lost*.....By FANNIE HURST	3
Trub's Diary. *Beginning a great dog series*...By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE	7
Do You Want to Get By Big?.....By ELISABETH COBB	8
The Also Ran. *It sometimes pays to fire the boss.* By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND	12
"Girl Shy." *Harold Lloyd's latest film reviewed*.....By FRANCES PECK	17
The Ten Commandments for a Happy Marriage..By WALTER RODERICK	21
Is a Vice President Important? *A timely discussion.* By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING	23
Whittling Down. *Exercises that will make you slender.* By ANTOINETTE DONNELLY	25
Condemned. *A dramatic short story*.....By V. BLASCO IBANEZ	27
The Man Who Wanted to Be a Sewer Rat.....By JAMES J. MONTAGUE	34
Conquering a Dread Disease. *An article*.....By DR. W. A. EVANS	38
The $20,000,000 Face. *The rise of Rudolph Valentino.* By FREDERICK J. SMITH	39
The International Ice Patrol.....By PROF. ROBERT DeC. WARD	41
Composite Dogs! *Put them together and win a live pedigreed dog—FREE!*	43
The Five Crises in a Woman's Life. *II. After the Honeymoon.* By FREDERICK ARNOLD KUMMER	44
The King of Strawberry Flats.....By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER	48
Romeo in Moon Village. *The most amusing serial of the year.* By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON	55
Newest Fashions for the June Bride.....By CORINNE LOWE	61
Summer Frocks That Can Be Made in a Jiffy.....	62

Cover Design by Guernsey Moore

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

FRANK CONDON

SAMUEL Merwin and Frank Condon, two of America's top notch fictionists, are authors of short stories in our next number that you'll enjoy about as well as anything in many a year. Mr. Merwin's "The Baby Spot" is a tale with a country club's dramatic production as a basis, brimful of humor and having a surprising "wallop." "The Voice of Spring" is Mr. Condon's. It has a rare plot telling of a reporter's attempt to be a hero and a love story with one dandy girl and three ardent suitors.

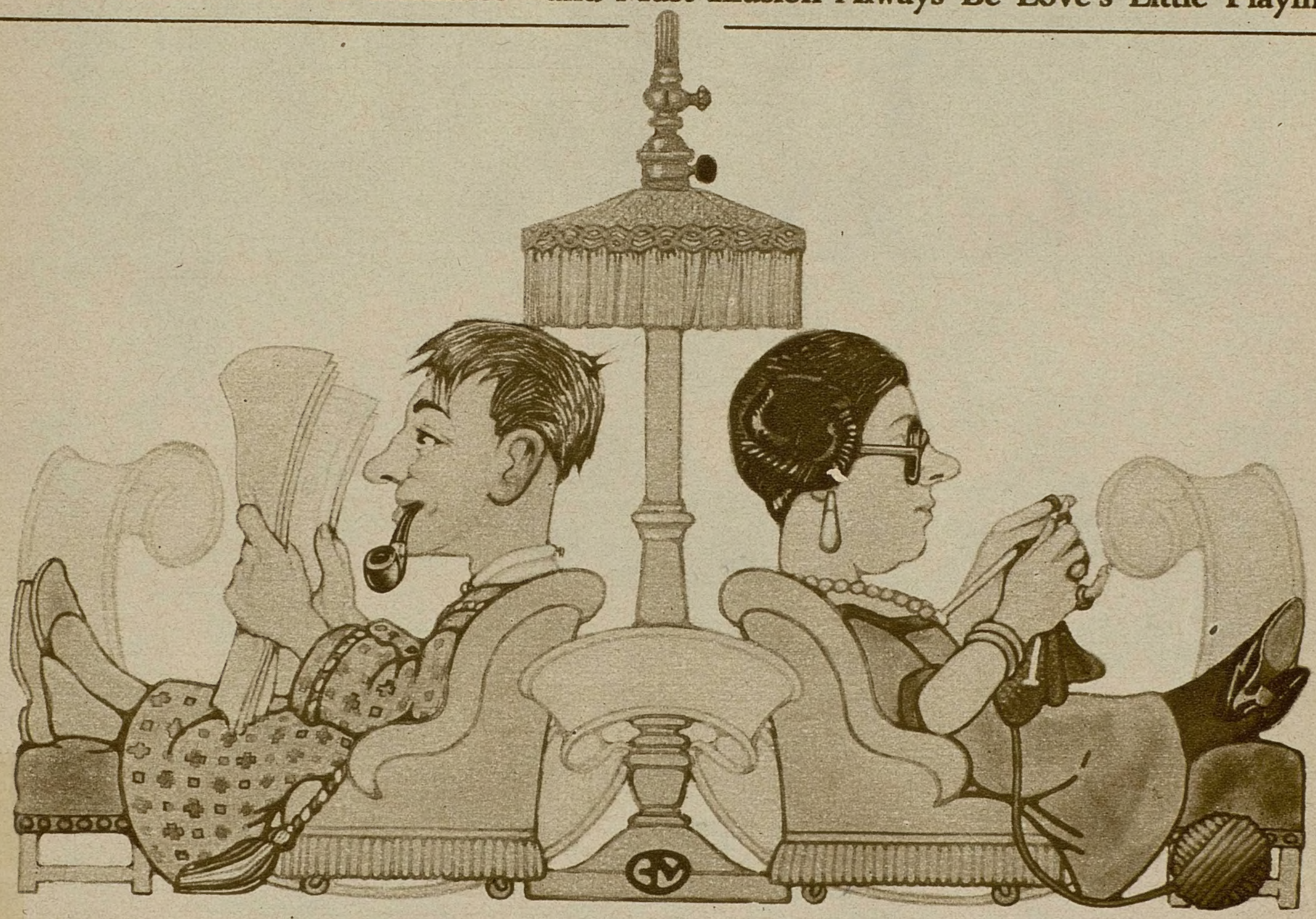
BALL PLAYERS' WIVES—What effect do they have on a team's chances of winning the pennant? Is it possible that the outfit that looks so good now will hit a disastrous slump later, and that "temperament" and jealousy among the stars' wives will cause that slump? Read *Hugh Fullerton's* enlightening story on the subject in the May 31st issue.

***Arnold Bennett* contributes another brilliant essay on "Enjoying Friendship"; Jim and Kathleen describe another episode of "This Marriage Business"—"Night After Night," a treatise on the humdrum of wedded life; *John Taintor Foote* gives us another laughable installment of "Trub's Diary," and *Beatrice Barmby* discusses the live question—"Are We Giving the Mother-in-Law a Square Deal?"**

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. No manuscripts received unless fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage enclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada and Mexico. No subscription for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by the Coloroto Corporation, 25 Park Pl., New York, U. S. A., and Tribune Square, Chicago, U. S. A., J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary. R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer. S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. Entry as second class applied for at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation.

Perils of Propinquity

Are Hair Curlers Fatal to Romance—and Must Illusion Always Be Love's Little Playmate?



By Fannie Hurst

Decorations by GUERNSEY MOORE

ONE of the first laws of human nature is gregariousness. A society composed of persons living in units of one is inconceivable. Such isolation would of necessity be founded on the principles of botany instead of biology.

But the human race happens to base its development and perpetuation upon the relations and inter-relations of mankind. Upon the capacity for social intercourse rests the destiny of the human race.

Out of this biological truth spring tribes, and clans, and nations.

We are the most domesticated of the animals who inherit the earth. Isolate man from mankind, segregate him, and you annihilate him.

Which is the biological Q. E. D. to why nine-tenths of theater tickets are sold in pairs, and hermits don't shave, and the Pullman car survives.

As man becomes more civilized he becomes more and more gregarious.

At no time in the world's history has man been able to mingle so freely with man. Telephone. Telegraph. Radio. Airplane.

A mammoth dirigible breaks its moorings and in its flight through clouds is in constant talking communication with Newark, New Jersey. A physician in Providence, Rhode Island, takes the systolic and diastolic record of the heart beat of a man lying in bed in Fancy Prairie, Illinois. The world is huddling. Distance has been telescoped like a jack into its box.

And yet man's capacity for propinquity is as inevitably limited as the saturation point of a blotter.

He can live successfully in groups, municipalities, or tribes with more or less success from a sociological point of view, only up to a given point. And then there sets in, insidiously and surely, the perils of propinquity.

And the Perils of Pauline are as naught compared to the perils of propinquity.

Out of this saturation point of man's capacity for living with his kind, first came the wise and canny maxim which has its counterpart in almost every language:

"You never know a person until you have lived with him."

Man's saturation point for gregariousness is reached when he tries living under the same roof with some one who has been his erstwhile neighbor, sweetheart, or friend.

Two men or two women may be fast friends in the same town over a period of twenty years and that same friendship may be irrevocably annihilated after twenty days under the same roof.

Man's gregariousness is from his capacity for propinquity a thing apart. He may enjoy an evening with a pretty woman, and it satisfies his social instinct. But if, in preparation for that evening, he has beheld the pretty woman unwind her hair of kid curlers, powder the back of her neck, and bridge the gap while she "breathed in," then the perils of propinquity already hang low and ominous.

THE most elemental of nature's devices for attracting the sexes to each other is by means of illusion. Birds are notoriously brilliant of plumage during the mating season. Illusion. Men and women mate with the rose colored veils of illusion hanging between them.

To tear down those veils after the mating is dangerous. When reality enters the door, fantasy flies out of the window. Two people who have accepted each other for "better or for worse" know, if they are clever people, that the less of the worse the better for them.

And what do you mean "for worse"?

A man's wife may be stricken with meningitis the week after the marriage, and it is his duty and his glory to stand by her.

But what about *this* kind of "for worse?"

The man whose wife permits him to see her slippit-slopping around the flat in curl papers and a flannelette kimono the week after marriage. Perils of propinquity.

It is, glory be, human nature to rise to the emergency of the meningitis, but to survive

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE]

The Enchanted Breakfast!

Fairy grains with the flavor of nut meats—

HERE is lightness and brightness—food enchanted—in the form of a breakfast dish. Grains of rice steam exploded to 8 times their normal size, crisp and flaky, more enticing than you ever dreamed a food could be. All the nourishment of *whole grains*. Quickly digested, assimilated—turned to strength and vigor in a few minutes.

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Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

the disillusionment of the curl papers and the flannelette is neither human nor admirable. Men are made like that. Sublimely to scale the mountains of adversity, but to stumble over the molehills.

And the perils of propinquity are the molehills. Against them the toes of romance have been stubbed black and blue.

"But," cry the economists, "propinquity is one of the cheap commodities. It is less expensive for two people to live in close quarters."

And yet it is the dearest of commodities. The people who economize via propinquity are paying dearly in the coin of another realm. Usually they are paying dearly in nerves, illusion, love, romance, dignity, privacy, beauty, happiness.

That no man is a hero to his valet is so true that it is not even controversial.

Wise is the man or woman who does his mental, spiritual, and physical valeting in propinquity to no one. How much of heartache, private misery, public divorce scandal might be spared if only people who are forced by circumstances of marriage, money, or relationship to live under the same roof could realize that the perils of propinquity lie in moral, mental, and physical unfastidiousness.

A MAN who, given a certain amount of privacy, has the making of a fairly ardent husband-lover, can sicken and die esthetically at the sight of his wife's stays dangling across the back of a bedroom chair.

There is no record that at any time so homely an object as a man's white linen collar has affected the destiny of empires.

Yet how many a kingdom of romance has gone crashing down at a wife's Sunday morning glimpse of a spouse without a collar, and with that little stamp from the button riding up and down on his Adam's apple!

Nor is mere physical propinquity, which is so often the curse of the poor and the choice of the middle class, the only jeopardy.

There comes between people who rise together, dine together, yawn together, seven days in the week, that dreary, inevitable day when suddenly they are both talked out.

The man's realization that the woman whose back hair he has beheld in the twisting, night after night, three hundred and sixty-five times each year, no longer stimulates him sufficiently for him to want to think up anything new to talk to her about.

Something has g o n e. Illusion. Of course, if she developed meningitis, he could stand by her for better or for worse. And w o u l d. But those confounded little bags under her e y e s at breakfast! Why don't women powder them out for breakfast the way they do for the theater? Funny thing. Darn fine woman and all—but t h o s e little bags under her eyes—mornings——

Perils of propinquity.

THAT dark brown moment when intellectual interest in each other begins to sag. Talked out. What is the use of trying to revive those old discussions of Freud, and James Joyce, and fundamentalism, and League of Nations with a man who curls up on the couch right after dinner and dozes with his mouth open?

She had thought that before marriage he spent many of his evenings reading the books they used to discuss.

And so he had while he was sufficiently stimulated by the desirability of her. It took two months of living under the same roof with her to be too annoyed by such creature manifestations as her habit of yawning long and shudderingly upon all occasions, and of hanging her toothbrush on the wrong side of the tumbler rack, for any attempt at their old intellectual conversations to be endurable to his rasping nerves.

One could discuss James Joyce with a pretty woman who emerged from a background as charmingly indefinite as a pair of blue velvet portières, whose toothbrush tactics were not part of your reckoning, and who never yawned in shudders, because she never yawned at all. But somehow when that background extended behind the blue portières, up into that bedroom with the stays perpetually dangling over the back of a chair—well, something had happened.

How wise the two old saws:

"You never know a person until you have lived with him"; and, "No man is a hero to his valet."

IT would seem that the rigors of modern life might greatly enhance the perils of propinquity. The tendency to crowd into cities and apartment houses. The general inclination to meet the problems of domestic service by tabloid living.

But, on the contrary, the perils of propinquity are not necessarily measured in terms of cubic space.

Perils of propinquity are largely determined by the quality of human association.

The mentally, morally, and physically fastidious person demands his privacy and grants to others the right of privacy.

"Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," is biologically, physiologically, and psychologically a comedy line.

Two identical nervous systems are about as probable as two identical thumbprints. "You never know a person until you live in the same house with him" just about means that you are more apt to discover the incompatibility of nervous systems when thrown into close contacts.

By living in the same house with a person you may discover facts not so heinous in themselves, except that they jar your own particular kind of nervous system.

There is nothing criminal about a person who slams doors, sleeps with his windows closed, and plays the saxophone. But he can be a right smart strain on a person whose nervous system, for one reason or another, does not dovetail with the saxophonist's.

Upon such tremendous trifles are many of the perils of propinquity based.

JUST analyze your feelings toward a person you have known for years before and after you have lived in the same house long enough to discover that he or she cracks ice noticeably with his or her teeth and says, "Now, what do you know about that?" after every phrase.

Something in the relationship has curled up and died. Died hard. Illusion.

Friendships have waned and passed out that way. Many, of course, survive. Friends have been known successfully to live together for lifetimes. But usually the explanation runs something like this:

We each go our own way. I never intrude upon him nor he upon me. Fastidiousness. Among fastidious people the perils of propinquity are minimized.

It is over matrimony that the perils hang lowest. By the merest thread, as it were.

Over men and women, who, after they have entered the married state, climb into mental carpet slippers, take down their actual and figurative back hair, and proceed surely, and with a large proportion of resulting hatred, boredom, and divorce, to make monogamy a failure.

Ars est celare artem translates itself rather clumsily into: "Art consists in hiding art." It is a sorry moment in the variety theater when the magician reveals to the audience by what simple device the goldfish can be made to seem to come out of the high hat.

Much of the patina on the business of living owes its sheen to keeping the mystery of the goldfish in the hat.

When two people, bored by propinquity, begin to divulge one to the other all the little harmless tricks up their sleeves, the magician stands revealed and something has gone. Illusion.

Upon the somewhat restive shoulders of monogamy rests the success of our present social scheme. There is neither biological nor sociological reason to believe that man is fundamentally monogamous. On the contrary.

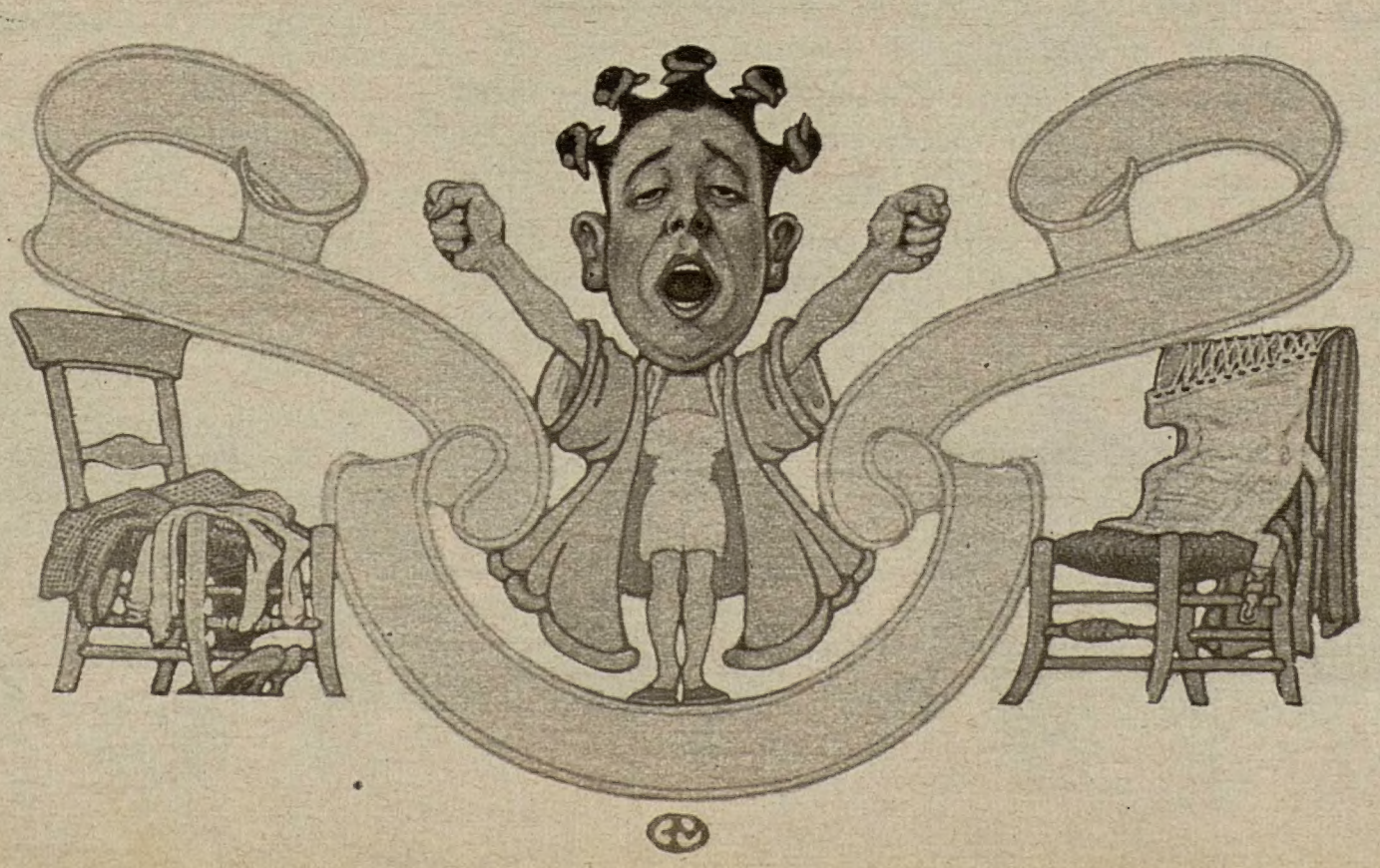
So at best this is a social state which is full of peril for him.

Just how perilous the d i v o r c e courts and the present state of unrest eloquently testify.

Some wag has said that Rome did not burn while Nero fiddled, but because Nero fiddled.

Is matrimony a tottering estate while the purple collar-button spot on John's Adam's apple rises up and down and milady's stays lop over the back of the c h a i r? Or *because* John's Adam's apple rises up and down and milady's stays lop over the back of the chair?

THE END



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TRUB'S DIARY

Beginning the Life Story of a Bull Terrier—the Best Animal Yarn in Many Years.

By John Taintor Foote

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Let's see you make me, you little white shrimp!"

NOVEMBER 7TH—Solitude! A puppy biscuit did it, just part of a puppy biscuit. Maybe I should blame it on my loss of appetite. If I'd have been myself, I'd have eaten all the biscuit. Or maybe my great-grandfather is responsible. Mike said something about that when he shut me in here. Mike is head kennelman. He has red hair. I like Mike!

There were seven of us together when it happened. Myself and my sister—her name is Lass of Craycroft. I know because I heard a kennelman tell a visitor. Don't know my own name. Besides us there were three Scotch terriers and two chows. One chow was red and one blue—all older than the rest of us. We were all in No. 12 runway. I don't like the red chow. Never did!

It was nice in the runway. We played games. We played King of the Kennel, and Wolf at Bay, and Lookout Behind, and Nip, Nip, Nippy-legs. Those are all splendid games. Then we had barking parties. We'd all learned to bark weeks before, but there's nothing like practice. At barking parties you try to bark down every one else. It's glorious!

Our bad times were on washing days. They're terrible! Awful tasting soap and the most disgusting stuff in the water. Flea killer! I should think as much.

Where was I? O, yes! We'd played all afternoon in that runway. We'd held a few barking parties and slept some. The fat kennelman who feeds us didn't come round with our supper. We held a long barking party. Nothing happened. We played Dig the Hole Deep and made the best hole yet. Then we had a perfectly marvelous barking party. Still they didn't bring our supper. Everybody else gave up in disgust and went into the kennel for a nap. I stayed outside. I was ravenous!

AT last I heard Mike talking to the fat kennelman. He was calling him names. He said something about a stew. I was glad to hear that. I thought we were going to have it for supper. But when it came it was corn meal mush. The fat kennelman brought it. He smelled funny and nearly fell down when he put the feeding pan inside the gate. I ate half of the mush before the others heard me and came rushing out. It was delicious!

I did not sleep very well that night.

We all had puppy biscuit next morning. The fat kennelman brought them. I ate all of mine and one of my sister's and half of one a Scotty hadn't got to yet. Suddenly I lost my appetite. It worried me. I decided not to finish the biscuit just then. It was hard to know what to do with it. I didn't care to lay it down—not with that red chow around. He has no conception of property rights—absolutely none. Anything he can get hold of is his. Well, some people are like that!

I went over quietly to where we'd played Dig the Hole Deep. I dropped the piece of puppy biscuit in the hole and pushed dirt in on top of it. I went away from there and laid down—watching.

Can you believe it? That red chow sidled over to the hole and began to sniff.

I said, "I'll thank you to stop sniffing."

He said, "This is a free country. I'll sniff if I feel like it."

I got up, walked over to him, and said, "Is that so?"

He said, "Yes, that's so."

I said, "If you want to sniff, sniff somewhere else."

He said, "I guess the sniffing is as good here as anywhere."

I said, "Maybe so, but just get away from that hole while you're doing it."

He said, "Let's see you make me, you little white shrimp!"

I AM not clear about what happened next. Everything seemed to turn red in a most peculiar way. I noticed my mouth was full of fur—chow fur. I heard a shout and the gate banged. The fat kennelman was lifting me up by the hind legs. My mouth was still full of fur and some of what was underneath. I heard the kennelman calling to Mike.

He yelled, "Come 'ere quick! A bull terrier pup 'as a chow by the neck an' I can't get 'im loose."

The next thing I remember is being out of the runway with Mike holding me.

Mike said, "Be aisy, be aisy, now, or I'll give ye a clout on th' ear! Stand still, ye little drop of TNT—it's advice yer needin'."

I didn't want advice. I had business to attend to back where that chow was.

Mike said, "Now, listen, me son. Yer in wrong. Ructions is out of date. 'Tis the she-min an' he-wimmen have charge of things now. Pacifism is all th' rage. If ye don't git in th' band wagon ye'll be onpopular. Are ye listenin'?"

I was, and I was wondering what pacifism meant.

Mike said, "There's that in yer blood will scandalize the neighbors if it ever comes out. It's put there by yer fayther an' yer mither an' a lot that come before thim. Yer great-grandfayther especial—as I had good reason to know whin I bet tin pounds aginst him on th' Dublin Terror in Cross-eyed Rafferty's cellar. Stop lookin' so wishful at that chow, now, an' attind to me!"

I licked Mike's chin. It prickled my tongue.

MIKE said, "Ye have th' makin's of a hellion, like I've told ye. Remimber that an' watch yer step. If some wan bangs ye in th' jaw, give him a look av gintle reproach an' let him take a crack at the other side of yer map. If some wan puts his heel in the pit av yer shtomick, turn round till he boots ye in th' behind. In that way ye'll git along nowadays, an' no other. Now, go back in there where ye come from and lave th' chow alone."

I tried to do as Mike said. No use! The minute I was back where the chow was it all got red again. The next thing I knew Mike was carrying me down the line of runways.

He said, "'Tis too much of yer grandfayther's in ye fer this day an' age. In ye go, now. There's nothin' in here to disthract ye. Think over th' beauties av pacifism."

He shut me in the end runway and left me there.

Solitude! I still have a few fleas, though; but I still wonder what pacifism means.

Another installment of the interesting diary of the bellicose but likable Trub will appear soon.

ELISABETH COBB, TALENTED DAUGHTER OF IRVIN COBB,

DO YOU WANT TO GET BY

Big?

An Article on How to Be a Success in the Younger Set

By ELISABETH COBB

Illustrated by CLARENCE J. McCARTHY

WHEN this article, or exposé—just as you please—was begun I can guarantee that it was hot stuff; timely, appropriate, and up to the minute. But by the time it reaches the press it may be as dead as Sanskrit. The styles in slang change faster than the styles in flappers' clothes. Anyone knows that while Fifth Avenue on Wednesday at five o'clock may be thick with women all wearing small scoop hats, on Thursday at four-forty not a small scoop hat can be seen on Fifth Avenue or anywhere else.

If the scientists use this little treatise as an authority on the slang in good use around the middle of this spring, all well and good; but after the first of June it will be good for nothing but a quaint old historical record. If young America should read it after then they will probably think that I have been spending a few quiet months on a desert island studying the Declaration of Independence as a reference work.

There's method in it, you can easily see, for just as soon as Mother and Father begin to catch up, or somebody gives away the key, as I have here, they change it and leave Mother and Father in just as much of a fog as ever.

Have you ever heard about protective coloring? Well, slang's it.

A few weeks ago an English girl came to our apartment to tea, and I invited five young Americans to meet her. Now, the little girl from across the pond was very charming. We decided at first sight that here was a young lady to be reckoned with, for she had danced with the Prince of Wales and the manner in which she wore her Bond Street clothes completely revolutionized our opinion of English women's chic, or rather lack of it; but the poor child sat dumbly through the afternoon with an expression of helpless wonder on her face; and when the other guests had found their gloves and cigaret cases and so departed, she begged me to translate their conversation for her. I think she suspected that she had been slumming.

Even after a lengthy and lucid explanation she seemed bemused, and after six weeks of being kept in as constant a state of circulation as a brand-new "hot-stuff-on-the-burning-sands" novel, I hear that she still carries around with her a notebook in which she writes any odd or unusual slang that she may hear. At the latest report she had filled eight notebooks and had started on the ninth.

Now, the poor child is in practically the same predicament as most of our elders, and so, for the benefit of parents and those unfortunates who have allowed themselves to become old-fashioned, but would sometimes like to know what it is that their children and their friends are talking about, I have written the conversation that took place at that tea, with a translation—necessarily a very free translation—in a parallel column so that Mother and Grandmother need but cast their eyes down the page to find the meaning of all those expressions that have been puzzling them so. And I do hope it won't be too much of a shock!

THERE were five girls, the youngest eighteen, the oldest twenty-six. One was from San Francisco, another from Pittsburgh, and the remaining three had started their careers in New York, continuing them in points West and South with telling effect.

Miss Pittsburgh started it after she had received her tea and the conversation resulting from that good, old, standard question put to every foreigner: "What do you think of American women's legs as compared to the French?" had died a lingering death.

Miss Pittsburgh, indignantly:

"If I ever step out with that wet smack again! He gets my vote as the flattest flat tire who ever tried to crash a party. He is so damp he drips."

"I never will attend another affair with that disagreeable person. I think him the most intolerable boy who ever essayed to attend a party to which he had not received an invitation."

Miss Park Avenue, soothingly:

"He certainly is a dumb-bell, but I would not high-hat him to such an extent if he wasn't such a holy roller."

"He certainly is dull but I wouldn't be so aloof with him if he were not such a terrible religious hypocrite."

Miss San Francisco, very surprised:

"Why, my Lord, I thought he was God's greatest gift to women."

"Goodness gracious! Why, I always thought him very attractive."

Miss Riverside Drive:

"You've got the wrong dope on that snake. He is a would-be necker and a sad bird, but you could stand him if he didn't pull a shut-eye at each

"Someone has been misleading you as to the real character of that dance-mad person. He wants to kiss you all the time and is ab-

MAKES HER PREMIERE AS A HUMORIST BY INQUIRING—

and every party. I was cured on the last loop we swung. Why, he went out like a light and stayed cold for hours."

solutely lacking in allure; but one would not mind that so much if he did not become so intoxicated that he is rendered unconscious at every party. . . . On the last social affair we attended he stayed drunk for hours."

(NOTE: *If the young man in question had not only danced, but played football, he might have been everything else they said of him, but he would not have been a "snake." "Lounge-lizard" is the Old World phrase that my elder sisters use to describe his prototype.)*

Miss Washington Square, with the greatest enthusiasm:

"Holy cats! You girls are certainly dishing the dirt."

"My goodness! You girls are certainly having a good old gossip."

Miss Pittsburgh:

"Straight dope, not

"Truth, not gossip.

There Were Five Girls, the Youngest Eighteen.

dirt. One smell of the cork and he passes out."

One taste of intoxicating liquor and he is drunk."

Miss San Francisco:

"He goes bad on himself in New York all right, but he got by pretty big in New Haven; they seemed to think he was the berries up there."

"It seems strange that he is so careless in New York, and yet he was quite popular at Yale. His college mates seemed to think him a very nice lad."

Miss Riverside Drive, emphatically:

"He may be a wonder in his home town, but here I give him plenty of air."

"He may be a fine boy in his home, but I don't know him here."

Miss Park Avenue, thoughtfully:

"He used to rush a very snappy little wambi and she gave him lots of time, too, and I never saw how he rated it, for she high-

"He used to be very attentive to a very sweet little girl and she allowed him to see a great deal of her and I never saw how he

hatted a lot of slick boys."

achieved that distinction, for she was very aloof with a number of fine boys."

Miss San Francisco:

"I told you he was the Pola Negri of his sex."

"I told you girls thought him very attractive."

Miss Pittsburgh, assuming a virtuous expression:

"Well, she was kinda cute, I guess; I've heard lots of boys tell the world, and I always thought she was a knockout myself, but she visited in Pittsburgh and went bushwhacking around to an awful extent and no one who pulls that stuff rates such a lot."

"Well, she was rather fascinating, I suppose; I've heard lots of young men say so and I always thought her charming myself, but she visited in Pittsburgh and let anyone who wished kiss her, and no one who permits that is thought a great deal of."

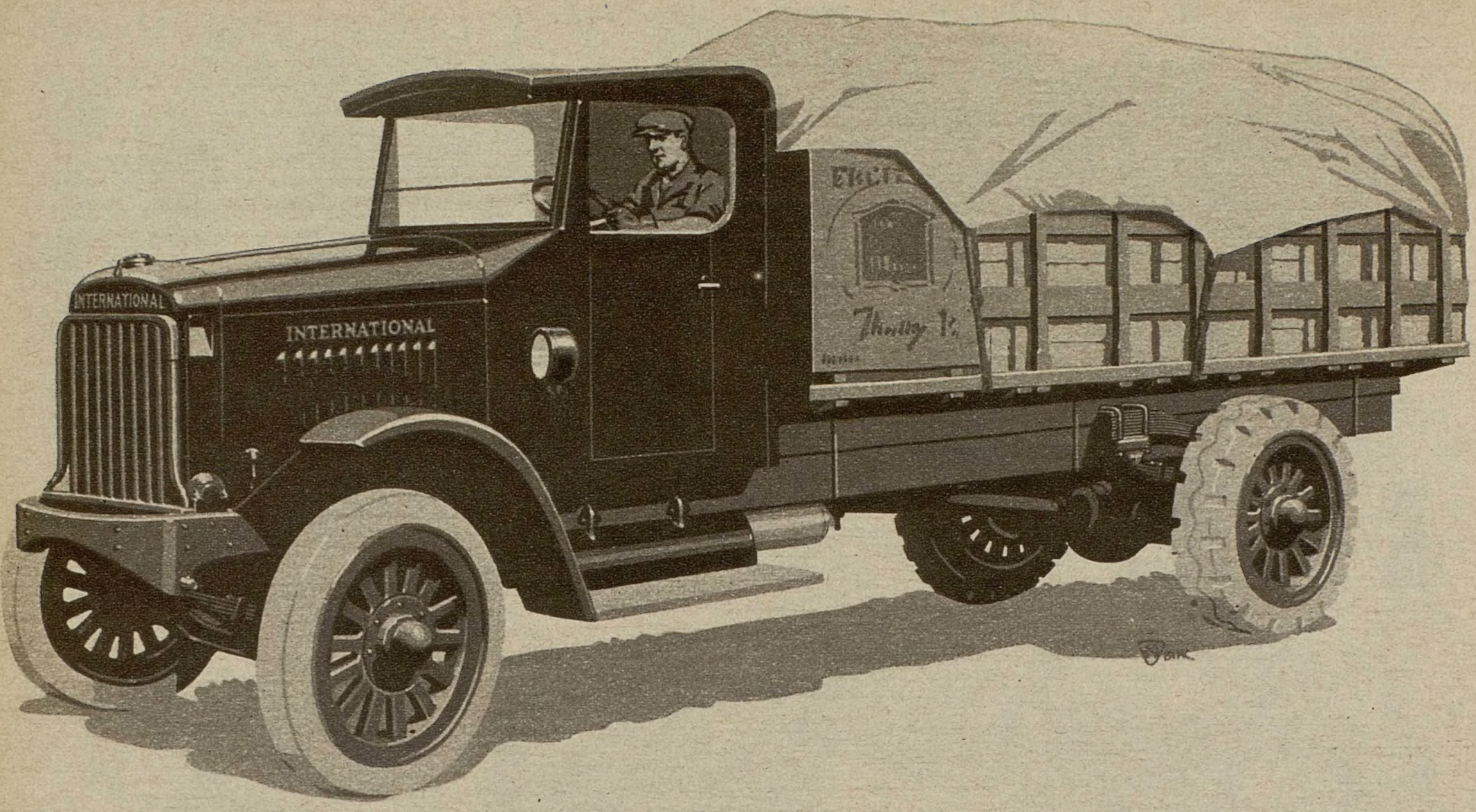
(NOTE: *I have heard some quaint old folk, girls who made their débuts in 1911, or so, use the expressions "peach" and "spoon," and I gather these take the places for them of "wambi" and "bushwhack."*)

Miss Washington Square, giggling:

This from our own little petter."

"This from the little girl who has been kissed so much."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]



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FOR LOW-COST HAULING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

Miss Pittsburgh, indignantly:

"Well, I've never been a prom-trotter or a jazz-hound, and anyhow that is what she was; nothing else but."

"Well, I have never existed for college parties nor wanted to dance continually, anyhow, and that is all she cared for."

(NOTE: *In the days long ago, before the great drought, I am given to understand that the term "college widow" was used for "prom-trotter."*)

Miss Park Avenue:

"Why not, honey? Didn't you ever make the grade?"

"Why not, honey? Were you never popular enough to be asked?"

Miss San Francisco, yawning:

"Say, don't you think we have burped on enough people for this afternoon? I'm in an awful fog."

"Don't you think we have been a bit severe on a lot of people this afternoon? I am getting very bored."

Miss Riverside Drive:

"O, my dear, don't snout us. The trouble with you is that you have been sitting pretty too long out where men are men and women are God's greatest handicaps. Why, you ain't putting your heart in your work any more."

"O, my dear, don't be superior. The trouble is that you have been too comfortable, too long out West, and you cannot be enthusiastic over our fun."

Miss Washington Square (Miss San Francisco's very best friend), laughing:

"Don't let her kid you. If the way you get by on some of the benders we have been on lately is any sign of what you can do when you aren't half trying, I should hate to see you really strutting your stuff. You have been knocking New York for a tall green loop."

"Do not allow her to joke with you. If the attention you receive on the parties we have been on lately is any sign of your popularity when you are not in the spirit, I should hate to see you really trying. Truly you have received an enormous amount of attention."

Miss Great Britain, steadily gasping through the conversation, for it was a conversation, you know, puts her teacup down with a bang.

"O, really now, I say!"

She realized that without a good line you are a dead duck in New York, which means the necessity of entertaining conversation.

THE END

Are You Flat Footed *or On Your* Toes?

By Schuyler Patterson

International Photo

IMMEDIATELY after the war a young man not thirty years of age became associated with the bond department of an old established bank. He had a pleasing personality, made prepossessing impressions, and was hailed as a comer.

His rise was rapid. Soon he was managing his branch of the business and within two years had climbed to the position of vice president in charge.

Miller, as we will call him, was in a short time looked on as the brains of the organization.

Within a year the president of the bank retired and the directors met to decide on his successor. It developed that the choice lay between Miller, the newcomer, and another vice president whom we will call Case. Case had started as an office boy and worked his way up to the top.

After long deliberation the directors decided to elect Miller. It was felt that Case and he could work together and that Miller, having the more volatile and pleasing personality, would be able to impress clients of the bank.

With the reins in Miller's hands, however, the affairs of the bank took on a new complexion. Almost immediately he embarked on a series of blunders. The firm was committed to one enterprise after another which proved unprofitable and expensive. The directors deposed him.

Case had resigned, as he could not sit by and watch matters proceed in the manner they were going, and was about to affiliate himself with another bank. The board persuaded him to take Miller's place. Within a year he had the bank on its feet and making more money than ever before.

IT was simply another example of the adage that in order to run a business, a man must know it, and that the plugger, who learns his daily lesson from what he is doing, in the long run can outstrip the genius who has no firm bedrock of experience to fall back upon in difficult situations.

In my years of business I have been privileged to meet all types of men and women. I have seen the failure of the genius like Miller and the steady progress of the plodder like Case. And I have come to these conclusions: The genius is often lazy and inclined to work by fits and starts. When he does accomplish something, it is usually brilliant, but between times he is sitting back and pointing with pride to what he has done. Application to details is irksome to him, and when the time comes, as it always does, when some decision depends on knowledge of details, he cannot meet the emergency.

SOME time ago I discussed this question with Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York. Mr. Mitchell is only forty-five years old, and looks ten years younger. His rise has been rapid, but he is one of those rare individuals, a genius with a capacity for hard work.

Charles E. Mitchell, President of the National City Bank of New York, Finds the Fleetest Are Not the Surest.

"I see many examples of the relative value of the talented and the hard workers right in this bank," said Mr. Mitchell. "I have always made it my business to maintain an acquaintance with the affairs of the personnel department and to watch the development of those who, through application and ability, are forging ahead.

"My conception of our organization is that of an orchestra. Each one plays a certain part, but all must play in tempo or there will be discord. Now in this orchestra we have men who know thoroughly their particular instruments, or work. They can be relied on to meet every emergency, and, as they gain experience, seek to better themselves. The man playing second violin watches the work of the first violins. The trombonist tries to master the cornet or saxophone.

"Suppose, however, that we have a man who is particularly talented. When he wishes, he is capable of playing that no one else can master. At other times he lags behind. He might make a wonderful soloist, but in an orchestra he is useless. If he will only equalize his work so it will not cause discord, his ability will be recognized.

"I am a believer in an equal chance to make good for every one. For many years this bank took college men and trained them for foreign fields. We have thrown all of that out. College men are only better than others as they prove it. We now put them beside our wheel-horses. If they have gained something from their college years, it will soon demonstrate itself."

Big business is careful today of the individuals to whom its affairs are trusted. Of course, those men who combine the qualities of both the hare and the tortoise are most desired. But they are rarely encountered offhand. Oftentimes the plodder blossoms into the quick-thinking genius in later years.

THE END

The ALSO-RAN

A Short Story with This Moral of Success

It Sometimes Pays to Fire the Boss!

"I'M very fond of you," said Nita. "In fact, I love you, Post; but I won't marry you."

"But—I don't understand." Post Carter's face was sufficient evidence of this; it was bewildered, white, and hurt.

"Why won't you marry me?" he asked.

"Why should I?" she countered.

"Because I love you," he said.

"No. Love isn't a reason for marrying; it's just the cause of wanting to marry."

"Then you want to marry me?"

"Of course I do, Post."

"What's to prevent? Who is interfering?"

"You are," she said quietly.

"I?"

She nodded, her eyes on his face with a solicitude he was unable to read because of the hurt he was suffering.

"Now listen, Post," she said. "You're not going to like this, and maybe you're going to misjudge me. Dad isn't rich, but he has plenty. He has given me almost everything I could reasonably want. Your salary is fifteen hundred. We could just barely get by on it, Post, if we scrimped and economized. . . . When people marry they should be happy—and I couldn't be happy that way. I don't want to be happy that way."

"But how much was your father earning when he married your mother?"

"Fifty dollars a month."

"And they have never regretted it?"

"No. But father wasn't earning fifty dollars a month long. I don't mind marrying you on fifteen hundred, but I do mind staying married on it, and that's what I'm afraid will happen. It's hard to say it—but you don't seem to have the punch. And there you are. . . . I didn't want to hurt you, Post, but——"

"I understand," he said quietly. "And I guess you're right. I'm not a world beater and—well, I've sort of given up expecting to get much of any place."

"Exactly," Nita assented.

"The boss agrees with you," Post said. "He doesn't use your language exactly—he's a hard boiled old proposition—but the conclusions are the same. He goes even farther. I never seem to suit him. He's always riding me. . . . I've never had a word of praise out of him."

"Let's see. Ned Ward, who graduated in your class, is doing pretty well."

"Six thousand."

"And Peter Symmons?"

"In the five thousand class. O, a lot of them are. I'm the lame duck of my year."

"People didn't think so at the start," said Nita.

Post got to his feet.

"My dear," he said gently, "I don't blame you. I guess you're right. I shouldn't have asked you."

He stood looking down at her a moment, then suddenly vaulted the porch railing and was gone. Nita cried, then went into the house to hunt for her father.

"Well?" said Mr. Bates.

"Dad, do you know this Mr. Kinsell that Post Carter works for?"

"Yes."

"If you had a son would you want him to start out in life working for Mr. Kinsell?"

"Um! . . . I was talking about his business the other day. Half a dozen years ago he was the biggest jobber in his line in this part of the country. But, somehow, competitors have sprung up and walked past him. . . . No; I'd rather have a son of mine start with somebody else."

Nita nodded. "I've heard you say that the success of any man's business depends upon the people he has working for him. Isn't it equally true that the success of the employés depends a lot on the man who pays their salaries?"

Mr. Bates scratched his head. "Now that's an odd idea," he said. "I'm not so sure but you're right. You mean it depends on how the boss handles his help?"

"Yes. I don't believe any employer ever got anything out of an employé by telling him constantly he was no good."

"Right."

POST CARTER accepted his employer's verdict that he was "good enough, but lacked the punch"—that he was born to be an Also-Ran. So when the boss installed him permanently in the second fiddler's chair he was about ready to settle down for life. Then along came the girl in the case!

"And that," continued Nita, "is why Mr. Kinsell's business is sliding downhill. It seems to me he's thinking more about keeping down salaries than keeping up the profits of his business. But I don't see what I can do about it."

"About what?"

"Marrying Post Carter. I want to marry him very much," she confessed. "O, if worst comes to worst I'll have to marry him anyhow, because I'd rather have Post and his dinky fifteen hundred a year than anybody else with fifteen thousand. But what I really want is Post with the fifteen thousand. I wish Mr. Kinsell would fire him."

POST CARTER awoke next morning to a world which had lost its youthful complexion. He arrived at the office a little ahead of time, as had been his custom for five years, and gave his attention to his usual duties. At nine o'clock Mr. Kinsell requested him to step into his private office.

"Carter," he said, "we haven't gotten a smell at the Perry account for three years. Not a smell. . . . If only I could get a couple of real salesmen in this place! Looks like I've saddled myself with an outfit of duds."

Post said nothing.

"They've all had a try at Perry," Mr. Kinsell went on. "Now I want you to see what you can do—not that I expect much of you."

"Yes, sir," Post replied as he left to tackle the assignment. Instead of asking for the buyer, he sent in his card to Mr. Perry himself—these little subconscious coups were a way he had—and Mr. Perry received him.

"Do you know," said Post with the ingratiating smile which had made him the most popular man in his class, "we haven't had a nickel's worth of your business for three years, and that means something must be wrong. That's why I came to you."

"What are you—Kinsell's trouble shooter?"

"I'm just a sort of dub around the place," Post replied, but as he said it it sounded genial and rather fetching. "No, Mr. Kinsell doesn't rate me very high, I'm afraid—but—well, Mr. Perry, we really have the stuff, you know. You can't beat our line, and, if somebody hasn't thrown a monkey wrench into the machinery, we ought to be getting some of your business."

"Um. . . . We got our buyer, Mr. Jones, from Kinsell," said Mr. Perry. "First class man, and I wouldn't go over his head. If our buyer can do as well anywhere else, he won't buy from your firm—and he's always doing as well. What's your answer to that?"

"Would you mind, Mr. Perry, having Jones in?" Post asked.

Perry's eyes twinkled. "No; I'd enjoy watching you battle with him."

Jones entered in answer to summons and shook hands with Carter.

"Go to it, boys," said Mr. Perry.

"Look here, Jones," Post said, "you

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Pictures by J. J. GOULD

"I'd rather have Post and his dinky fifteen hundred a year than anybody else with fifteen thousand."

are off my boss, and we can't get a look-in here!"

"You bet," said Jones.

"Off me?"

"Not an inch."

"Ever stop to think that it's more important to the salesman to land business than it is to the boss? You irritate the boss when you don't give it to him, but he can get along. It's bread and butter and a job to the salesman. You're hacking a leg off the salesman so you can scratch the boss' finger."

"Um. . . ."

"And you need that Blue Steel line of ours."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

As Post adroitly laid facts before him, Gregory began to perceive where lay his own fault.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

"Look here, Carter, how much is Kinsell paying you?"

"Fifteen hundred, if that information will help to sell a bill of goods."

"I got eighteen hundred there when I woke up. Ever get a word of commendation from him?"

"No."

"Before you started out this morning he told you you were a dub and he didn't expect you to bring home the bacon."

"Something like that."

"And that's the man you expect me to give business to?"

"No; it's the lines we handle I expect you to give business to—lines that will be a distinct advantage to Mr. Perry."

"I'd stock your Blue Steel line in a minute if somebody else had it."

"Make money out of it, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then I leave it to you if you've any right to deprive Mr. Perry of those profits."

Jones laughed. "You win," he said, "and I hope Kinsell appreciates you."

POST returned to Mr. Kinsell, who received him with a frown.

"Throw you out on your ear?" he asked.

"Not quite," Post answered as he handed over his order book. "They've stocked our Blue Steel and will make a special of it."

"Um. . . . Couldn't get anything but Blue Steel over on 'em, eh? What about Acorn and Hard Edge and the rest of the lot? . . . Huh! . . . Three thousand dollars! O, well, I suppose every little helps. I didn't expect much from you."

The humor which had been riding and clawing Post reached out and scratched him in a vulnerable spot and also got him into trouble.

"Look here," he said, "you've been sobbing about Perry for three years. You couldn't get a look-in. Now I've put over a line for you that ought to gross thirty thousand a year. And you kick me in the face for it. Maybe I'm a dub, maybe I'm an also-ran, maybe I'm a permanent fifteen hundred dollar man, but I'm doggone sick and tired of hearing about it. I'm through."

"Now, listen. You won't find it so easy to get another job, young man, not with your five years' reputation here. I'm willing to keep you on and—well, I'll boost your salary five a week."

"Not mine," said Post. "You strutted your stuff the wrong morning, and I'm fed up."

"But——"

The door slammed behind Post.

HALF a dozen blocks along he saw Nita Bates step into her runabout; he ducked around the corner, but Nita had seen him, and in half a minute her car drew up to the curb beside him.

"Why," she demanded, "did you sneak around that corner when you saw me?"

"I'm girl shy today," he said.

"Think I'm a mercenary wretch?"

"I think you are——"

"Answer perfectly satisfactory. Now get in," she interrupted.

"You really ought not to be seen riding with me," he said, with forced gayety. "I've just hit the bumps. I've quit my job."

"Thank heaven," she said, "you've got some spunk. Why did you quit?"

He told her at length. "Um . . ." she said at the end. "Have you been getting all the impossible jobs down there—like this Perry thing—and getting away with them?"

"O, in a kind of an unsatisfactory way. Not the way a first class man would do."

"So Mr. Kinsell said. Uh-huh; and what are you going to do now?"

"No idea."

Nita sat silent for a moment, thinking, and then she asked, "Who had all the Perry business before?"

"Armstrong."

"How long will it be before Armstrong finds out what you took away from him?"

"Probably knows it now."

"Is Armstrong successful?"

"Came up from nothing in five years," said Post. "He's a world beater."

"Fine," said Nita. "Now you may buy me an expensive lunch, and then I'm going to drop you at Mr. Armstrong's door."

"Wh-what?"

"Just that. Because he'll know that a man good enough to take business away from him for Kinsell is good enough to take business away from somebody else for him."

POST asked to see Mr. Armstrong, and presently a young man, not half a dozen years older than himself, greeted him.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Carter?" Mr. Armstrong asked pleasantly. "You're with Kinsell, aren't you?"

"I was," said Post. "It's the 'was' that brings me here. I want to be with Armstrong."

"Fired?"

"No."

"Hardly thought you would be—after swiping the Perry business from us," smiled Mr. Armstrong. "We owe you a couple of other grudges, too. . . . What do you want? You're not a regular salesman."

"No, I've been——" He paused, at a loss. A more self-confident man would have known he had been something very like general manager. "I've been a little of everything," he finished lamely.

"So I've heard," said Armstrong; "and do you want to be a little of everything here?"

"I want to come here," said Post, "for six months and find out if I'm a dud. I tell you frankly I'm afraid I am. I've been at this business five years, and my salary was fifteen hundred dollars when I quit; so I'd like to have you take me on—at a nominal salary—for six months, and try me out, and see if I'm any good. If I am, we can talk business. If I'm not, fire me."

"Young man," said Mr. Armstrong, "you've made a bet. The boys are in a little snarl down in the tool steel end of things. We'll see if new blood can dig up an idea."

Post studied the situation. It was one of those things combined of customer's error, shipping clerk's error, and a wretched filing system. At the end of an hour he said to the department manager, "I think somebody ought to take the dope out to this disgruntled customer and have a little talk."

"Old Gregory'd throw a man from here out on his nose. He's a bad actor when his dander's up—but we'll see," said the manager.

So Post went uptown to call on Mr. Gregory, whom he found waving his arms and swearing.

"Git!" he bellowed. "If I live to be a million I'll never spend another nickel with your house."

"I don't blame you," said Post. The reply was so unexpected that Mr. Gregory wilted.

"No, I don't," continued Post. "Nobody had any business making such a mistake."

"I was right, wasn't I?"

"The customer is always right," said Post; "and I'd like to show you just how right you

were. I've all the dope here. It's interesting."

"Come into the office," Gregory replied. There Post spread the evidence before Gregory in such a genial, interested way that the irascible old man spent an enjoyable hour. As Post adroitly laid facts and documents before him, always accepting all blame for Armstrong, Gregory began to perceive where lay his own fault. He couldn't very well help it, so clear and fair was Post's exposition. At last he got mad all over again, especially at Post for the stand he took.

"Look here, young feller," he shouted. "I got eyes. I kin see how it happened. 'Twa'n't Armstrong's fault, it was mine; and you got the face to sit there and tell me diff'runt."

Post smiled his disarming smile.

"And now," he said, drawing out his order book, "as long as I'm here I might as well attend to whatever you want."

Gregory waggled his head. "Young feller," he said feebly, "you'll do. . . . Take this down. I had the list made out to give to Kinsell."

Post returned with it to his new place of business and reported briefly to the manager of his department, who blinked.

"Good work," he said heartily, and vanished. In five minutes he was back. "Mr. Armstrong wants to see you," he said.

Post went up with sinking heart.

Mr. Armstrong sprang to his feet.

"Shake," he said, all excitement and delight. "By George, I didn't think it could be done. And, by the way, Gregory just called me up. You made a hit with him. Congratulations."

Post found himself outside the door, dazed and almost staggering. That last word he heard had been "congratulations."

Armstrong shot him about, first to one department, then to another, and then outside. It seemed he was being tried out everywhere, and Post took a queer delight in it. He rejoiced in showing what he could do, and every time he was given a job, and got away with it, Mr. Armstrong dropped around to congratulate him.

In three months Post stepped and acted and looked like another man.

Nita Bates was aware of this, and her heart beat with pride and satisfaction, but she showed no signs of changing her mind.

"How much are you getting?" she asked him a day after he had gone to work for Armstrong.

"Twenty a week," he said sheepishly, but added: "That's temporary, of course. I'm on six months' trial."

"O!" she merely said.

BY an adroit but eminently fair and sportsmanlike bit of foresight and cleverness Post got the Blue Steel line away from Kinsell, which was something to do, for that was the most popular, the most widely advertised line of tools in the world.

But as the six months drew to an end the old depression reached and gripped him. This state of mind reached an acute stage on the last night of his probation, the closing day of the six months. Mr. Armstrong for once had not been especially genial or friendly. Indeed, he had seemed cool and a bit distant.

"Let's see, Carter," he said, casually, "tomorrow's the day we have a talk, isn't it? Very good. Be in the office at ten."

Post was just getting into bed at an early hour—somehow he had not the heart to stay up—when a messenger boy rang the bell and handed him a note. He opened it apathetically and read it without grasping its contents. It was a very formal note and—he read it a second time. It seemed to say:

> Miss Nita Bates desires to express her love and esteem for Mr. Post Carter, and to request the pleasure of his presence at dinner on Thursday, September 24th, at which will be made the announcement of the engagement of Miss Bates to Mr. Carter. R. S. V. P.

Post read it again, and then a fourth time before he remembered that telephones had been invented. It took minutes to get his number and then he heard Nita's voice.

"I've been sitting with the phone in my hand for half an hour," she said.

"I—— but—— what——"

"We're engaged," she said. "You proposed six months ago, and I've just accepted you. You can't squirm out of it."

"But——"

"And we announce it Thursday night. That gives us tomorrow night to enjoy it privately." With which she hung up.

Therefore it was with trepidation that he knocked on Armstrong's door the next morning.

"Sit down, Carter," he said. "You have been with us six months now. We have tried you out thoroughly."

"I've had every chance—and every encouragement," replied Post out of a dry throat.

"Will you step this way, please?"

They walked into an office untenanted at the moment.

"Sit down there, please," said Mr. Armstrong, pointing to the chair behind the flat mahogany desk. "I prefer to talk standing up. . . . Or," he said with a sudden change of voice, "you might ask me to sit down. It would be more hospitable."

"I—— but——"

"Look at the door," said Mr. Armstrong, which Carter did. Facing outward he saw the backs of letters which spelled the words MR. CARTER.

"My name! I don't——"

"What name would you have on your office? Jones or Smith? . . . This, if you are curious to know, is the office of the assistant general manager of this business. His name is Carter. His salary is seventy-five hundred dollars a year, and, by George! he's worth every cent of it. . . . And that salary dates back and begins just six months ago today. So you've a couple of thousand saved up against an emergency like——say—a wedding trip. . . ."

Again his tone changed.

"Post," he said, "you are the man we've been looking for. You're it. If you don't end up in my job it's because I refuse to die or retire soon enough. You're there, boy, you're there with bells."

Post opened and closed his mouth, then he began looking wildly about the room. Mr. Armstrong smiled.

"That thing there is the telephone," he said. "Tell her first and we'll go on with our talk afterwards. . . . You have to take the receiver off the hook, you know. . . . And—er—— you might give her my love and a welcome to this family."

THE END

Facing outward he saw the backs of letters which spelled the words, "Mr. Carter."

THE CHARM OF COCA-COLA IS PROCLAIMED AT ALL SODA FOUNTAINS

So HAROLD LLOYD IS "GIRL SHY" — OH MY!

"GIRL SHY"

Produced by Hal Roach.

Directed by
Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor.

THE CAST:

Harold Meadows....Harold Lloyd
Mary Buckingham..Jobyna Ralston
Donald DeVore...Carleton Griffin
Jeremiah Meadows.Richard Daniels

By Frances Peck

HAPPY DAY!

To the shy all things are shocks!

If you don't believe it ask a rabbit. He will tell you that the rustle of the lettuce leaf on which he chances to be nibbling sends a shiver down his back that he is at a loss to account for. He knows it's a leaf. He knows it won't bite him. By the sun, moon, and stars and all the laws of the universe, he knows he's biting the lettuce leaf. But just the same—that rustle! O boy!

To the bold all things seem possible. To the shy—every molehill appears a mountain. By some peculiar law of compensation, however, the shy often surmount seemingly insurmountable obstacles after the bold have called it a day and turned their thoughts to something else.

"Girl Shy" is Harold Lloyd's latest picture, and for once the title has something to do with the photoplay. Nobody has attempted to give it a mystery angle by calling it "The Cook Book Blues," "The Neglected Sheik," "The Search for the Hole in the Dyke," or anything equally misleading.

In "Girl Shy" he is cast as a Main Street youth who assists a relative in a small cleaning, pressing, and tailoring shop. The girls of the town, fully aware of his hideous embarrassment in their presence, take a mean joy in not only patronizing the shop, but bringing their friends.

Harold's life is anything but one long, drawn-out burst of sunshine. Rather it is a period of Stygian gloom interspersed with Bright Moments.

These bright moments filter through in the evening when, alone in his garret bedroom, he works upon his book. (Book — Bright Moments. Bright Moments, book.) Later there is another reason for certain periods of happiness.

Strangely enough the remarkable human document mentioned is a series of essays on girls and how the writer has conquered them. He describes different methods that bring different types to heel. All that he would like to be, and show the fair sex, he puts on paper. Fondly he looks forward to the day when the world and the ladies therein shall discover just how they misjudged him.

Before the book is finished, however, our hero meets the One Girl—she and her dog. The dog proves to be what would have been a missing link in their acquaintance.

From then on, events and complications follow thick and fast.

The girl gets into the book.

The book reaches the publisher.

The publisher—O—now THAT'S telling too much about the plot.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd, whose comedies are always clean, is really pretty funny in "Girl Shy." He has a sympathetic supporting cast headed by Miss Jobyna Ralston who takes the place of Mildred Davis whom Mr. Lloyd married and let out of her job.

There are some situations which only the shy will appreciate to their full.

I liked "Girl Shy." It's well put on. Hope you do!

See you next week.

NEXT WEEK!

"Cytherea," with Alma Rubens, Lewis Stone, and an all star cast, will next be reviewed in these pages. Cytherea means "love." Know that?

ASK ME! ASK ME!

Do you like this movie page?
Do you like to "kick"?
Do you like to "Ask Me" things?
Write and tell me—quick!

I cannot write poetry
Experts have told me,
But I can say I would like
MUCH to hear from thee.

* * *

Evelyn: Yes, Bert Lytell is divorced. Incompatibility was the charge brought by his wife. Yes, his eyelashes are long. He has been in Chicago and I have met him. He called at the office.

* * *

H., Elgin: Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue do look something alike, but they're not related. At least—if they are—they're ashamed of each other and have entered into some holy pact or other to keep the matter a secret.

* * *

Margaret M.: I can't thank you enough. Sometime, somehow, though—you'll understand.

Charlie's New Leading Lady!

ABOVE is Charlie Chaplin. At his right is Lita Grey. They are making a com-ee-dy that is slowly on its way—like a freight train.—*Frances Peck.*

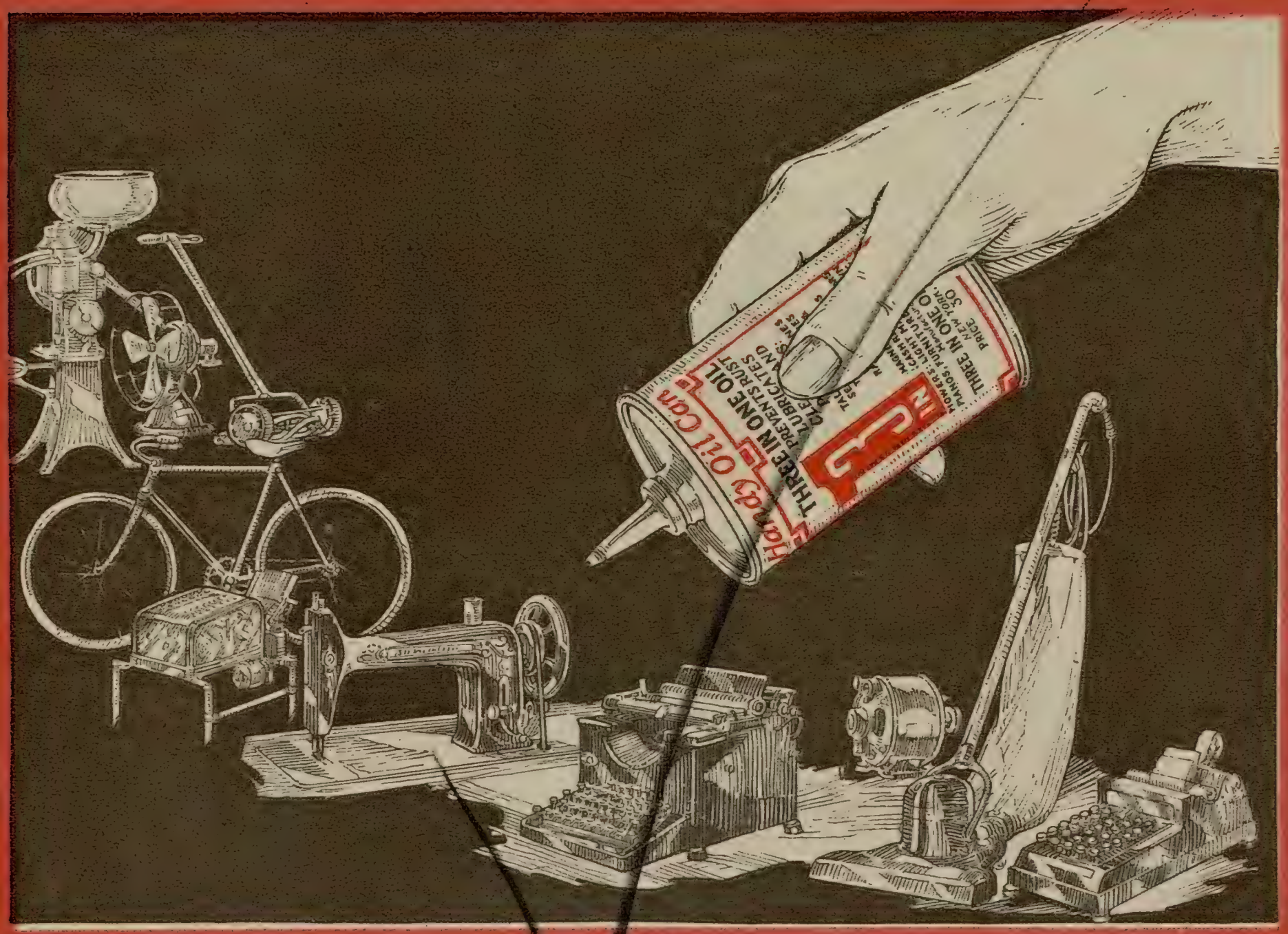
THE FAIRBANKS TWAIN are here beheld giving an imitation of rambler roses in action. Or perhaps they're conveying to you the idea that they're on the ladder of fame. (Hope it doesn't break!) To the left is Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and to the right "The Thief of Bagdad," otherwise known as Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and "Mary Pickford's Husband."—*Frances Peck.*

POLA NEGRI likes Hollywood so well she's bought a home there. She's been having a brief vacation after some rather strenuous work in "Men"—her fifth picture for Paramount. Don't you love her in this outfit?—*Frances Peck.*

FORGETTING THEIR ANCIENT FEUD, this brown bear and the grizzly are sleeping peacefully side by side in the sun at the Bronx zoo. Ain't nature wonderful? P. & A. Photo.

Introducing LONDON ZOO'S POLAR BEARS *In* WATER POLO

TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS! These two polar bears are forgetting their captivity in the London Zoological Garden by playing a lively game of water polo. Above—One of the players splashes into the icy water to capture the ball from an opponent. At left—A goal! Olympic candidate—eh, what? P. & A. Photo.



Manufacturers Endorse 3-in-One

The manufacturers of light mechanisms like those above know that 3-in-One is an absolutely pure oil compound. That it will lubricate properly. That it won't gum in the bearings, run out or dry up. That is why many such manufacturers recommend 3-in-One in their printed oiling instructions.

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

3-in-One Oils Perfectly every light mechanism that ever needs oiling—from door hinge to lock, from sewing machine to vacuum cleaner. Typewriters, computing and duplicating machines, time clocks and dating stamps all work better and last longer when regularly oiled with 3-in-One.

3-in-One Cleans and Polishes fine furniture, pianos and desks; woodwork and floors, painted or varnished. It renovates and preserves oilcloth and linoleum. Makes windows and mirrors shine.

3-in-One Prevents Rust and Tarnish. The wonderful penetrating qualities of 3-in-One cause it to enter the tiny pores of any metal surface—nickeled or plain—providing a moisture proof film that prevents rust and tarnish.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles. Don't take chances with inferior oils. Look for the Big Red One on the label.

FREE. Generous sample and Dictionary illustrating and explaining hundreds of daily uses for 3-in-One. Write for both on a postal, or use the coupon below.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 LE. William St., New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

The 8-oz. bottle contains the most for the money. Ask your dealer.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130 LE. William St., N. Y.
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

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Street Address
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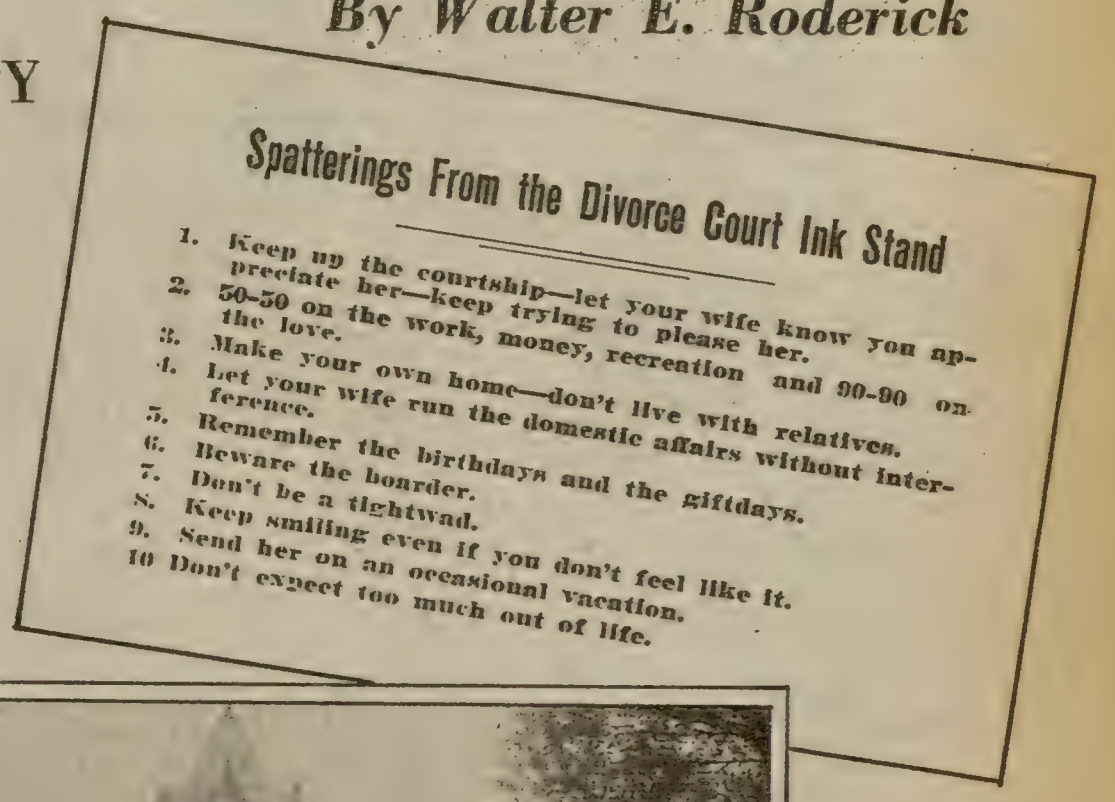
City _____ State _____

TEN COMMANDMENTS *for a* *Happy Marriage*

By Walter E. Roderick

100 COUNTY CLERKS ADOPT DECA-LOGUE FOR NEWLY WEDS



LAWRENCE H. NIENDORF

$25 FOR YOUR IDEA

Here are County Clerk Niendorf's Ten Commandments. Read them. Then draft a "Domestic Decalogue" of your own, and send it to the Coloroto Corporation, 25 Park Place, New York. To the author of what, in the editor's opinion, is the best set of commandments he will send a prize of $25.

1. Keep up the courtship—let your wife know you appreciate her—keep trying to please her.

2. 50-50 on the work, money, recreation, and 90-90 on the love.

3. Make your own home—don't live with relatives.

4. Let your wife run the domestic affairs without interference.

5. Remember the birthdays and the giftdays.

6. Beware the boarder.

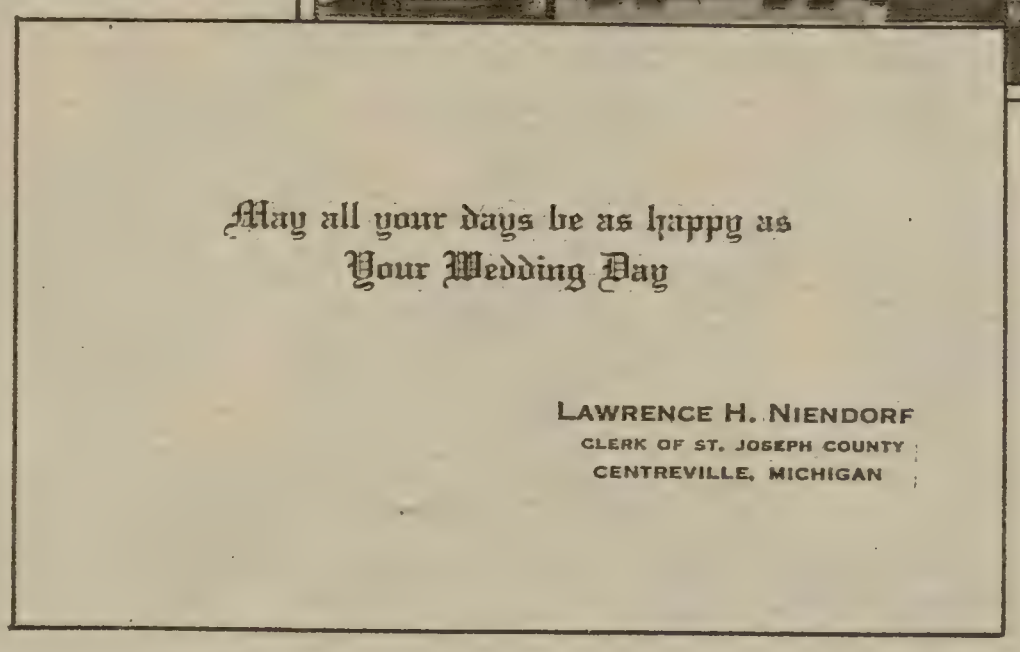
7. Don't be a tightwad.

8. Keep smiling even if you don't like it.

9. Send her on an occasional vacation.

10. Don't expect too much out of life.

The St. Joseph County Court House



BEFORE Lawrence H. Niendorf became county clerk at Centreville, Michigan, that town was known principally as the only one of twenty-six towns of that name in the country still adhering to the French spelling of the "r" before the "e." But it took "Larry" Niendorf to splatter Centreville's fame in every state and even in northernmost Canada.

Larry's bid for glory lies in the fact that he condensed the divorce problem of the ages into seventy-nine words and set down ten commandments of married life in the compass of an ordinary business card. He is a matrimonial Moses leading straying couples from the shadows of the divorce courts into the promised land of wedded happiness.

When Niendorf became clerk of St. Joseph County, he was surprised to find no traffic cop along the matrimonial highway leading in and out of this Gretna Green for eloping couples from across the Indiana State line. A few weeks on the job of receiving divorce petitions and dealing out marriage licenses convinced him that a flagman was needed to hold up the stop signal and give some warning of the dangers of the divorce grade crossing ahead.

With a dozen years of married experience and the divorce court records at his elbow, Larry sat down and wrote nine rules of the road along the matrimonial highway. Finally he summed up the nine in a sweeping tenth and final commandment: "Don't expect too much out of life."

This modern decalogue he had printed on his business card.

Into the hand of every applicant for a mar-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Wipe your feet, *for mother*"

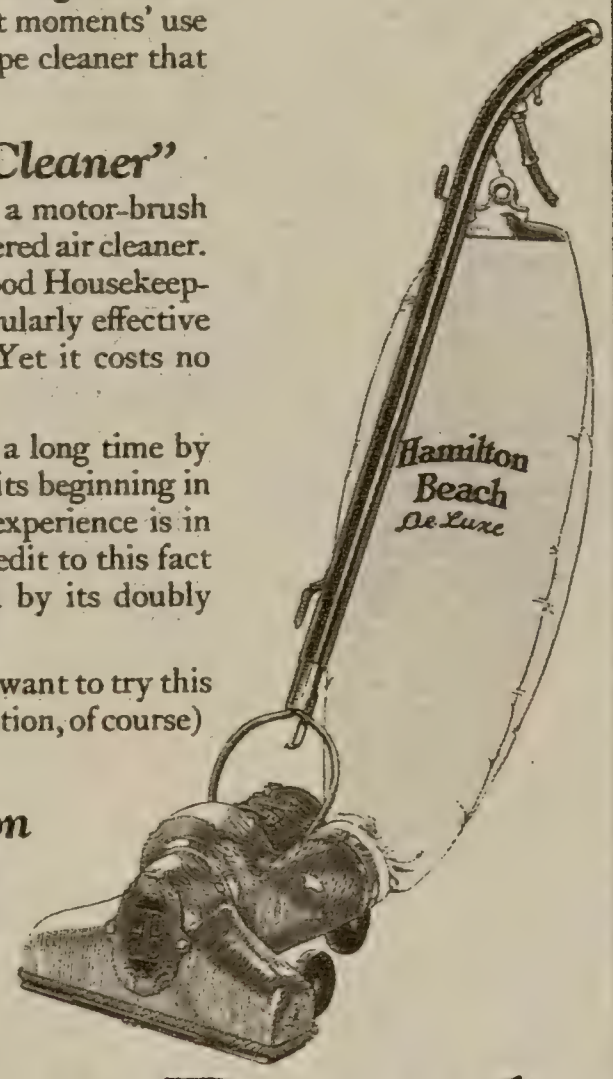
WHAT if Jimmy and Bill and Ed don't wipe their feet as carefully as Mother would like! Will it mean back-tiring, heavy sweeping for her; weary dusting, and bare spots on her rugs and carpet? Or will it mean a few pleasant moments' use of the Hamilton Beach, the new-type cleaner that gives double efficiency?

"The World's Finest Cleaner"

The Hamilton Beach is more than a motor-brush cleaner. It is more than a high-powered air cleaner. It is both! Which explains why Good Housekeeping Institute says of it: "... particularly effective in picking up threads and lint." Yet it costs no more than others.

It is made to be better and to last a long time by a manufacturing concern that had its beginning in 1802. Over 120 years of factory experience is in it. Engineering authorities give credit to this fact for its perfection, which is proved by its doubly quick performance, and long life.

Certainly, before deciding, you will want to try this 1924 Model Cleaner (without obligation, of course)



FREE *Self-Demonstration*

We will gladly arrange to lend you a cleaner for a self-demonstration. Write for it and FREE folder which tells how Super-suction added to the Motor-brush multiplies cleaning power.

Hamilton Beach
Vacuum Sweeper

[**To Dealers:** Just a line on your letter head will bring you a sample cleaner for unhurried examination. Also all the definite facts and figures in our unusual and interesting selling plan.]

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]
riage license, old or young, Larry slips one of these little cards and gives a few words of advice.

"You'll hit the divorce crossing about three years farther on," he cautions. "Travel too fast and you'll hit it a darned sight sooner; but, on the average, it takes about that long to get there. If you take it easy, drive carefully and follow these rules, you'll get across all right. If you get safely by the first three years the chances are you'll be on your way to a long and happy married life. After the fifth year you're safe.

"These are the rules of the road. Put them in your pocket and read them at least once a week. If you lose them, write to me, and I'll send you another set. If you have trouble on the way, I'll be glad to give you what advice I can. But don't wait until the crash comes. After the wreck it's too late. Good-by and good luck."

COUPLES by the score have carried away the cards in their pockets and the clerk's words of wisdom in their memories. To all parts of the country they have gone on their honeymoons, taking with them the commandments to show to those they meet on the way. The result has been that other county clerks who have read them have written to Mr. Niendorf for a set of the rules and permission to copy them. So that now probably more than a hundred other county clerks are giving away the "Niendorf Commandments" with every marriage license.

Larry, who is of athletic build, is a few years over thirty. He has snapping brown eyes and an infectious smile and a mind that's quick on the trigger. His younger days were spent in his father's drug store in Colon, one of the county's small towns. A course at Ferris Institute and a brief experience in a Chicago drug store marked his only absences from the town.

"Being county clerk is much like working in a drug store," he said. "I learned a lot there that helps me here. Nearly everybody has some sort of complaint. There they used to come to us when they didn't want to call the doctor. Here they come to me when they want to get along without the services of a lawyer."

Three years ago Niendorf coached the baseball team of the Colon high school to the championship of the State. Prior to taking office he was and still is secretary of three Masonic lodges, an officer in the Elks, secretary of several other organizations, social, civic, and commercial, and secretary of the county Republican committee. So when his predecessor in office was elevated to the bench the powers that be in St. Joseph county reasoned:

"Larry's handy with the books. He's a born secretary. He's secretary of nearly everything else in the county, so why not make him secretary of the whole durned county?"

It was so ordered, and he practically was pushed into his job.

But now that he is in it he likes it.

"SOME people have the idea I am opposed to divorce," he says. "That isn't true. Divorce appears to be necessary. It is better mistakes should be rectified and a new start made than to blast all hope of earthly happiness.

"But divorce has become an alarming menace to American home life. In our little county last year we had one divorce to every seven marriages. I found eighty per cent of the divorces are granted to couples who have been married less than three years, and that the average length of the married life of couples who apply for divorce is less than five years. Those are the dangerous years and the ones in which a little advice will often ward off a domestic rift.

"But it wasn't that alone that prompted me to get out these cards. Another thing was the nervousness and embarrassment exhibited by some couples when they came over here to get hooked up. It made me nervous, too. I decided that if they had something else to occupy their attention during these few uncomfortable moments it would be better for both of us. So the card serves two purposes. It puts them at their ease, and, at the same time, slips them a little advice."

Distribution of the cards is only one of the things that Mr. Niendorf regards as his duties. He closely questions each applicant for a license and often sends a couple away in tears without the coveted marriage permit.

"When a young man or girl appears to be under age I take him or her to one side and get down to brass tacks," he explains. "I talk to them just as a father would, and I have yet to find a case where they are under age in which they have not confessed they were fibbing. I tell them to go back home and get their parents' consent, and the strangest part of it is that in most cases they are back the next day with the written consent of their parents. Most couples just elope for the romantic idea of the thing, anyway."

"Do you give your cards only to the men?" he was asked.

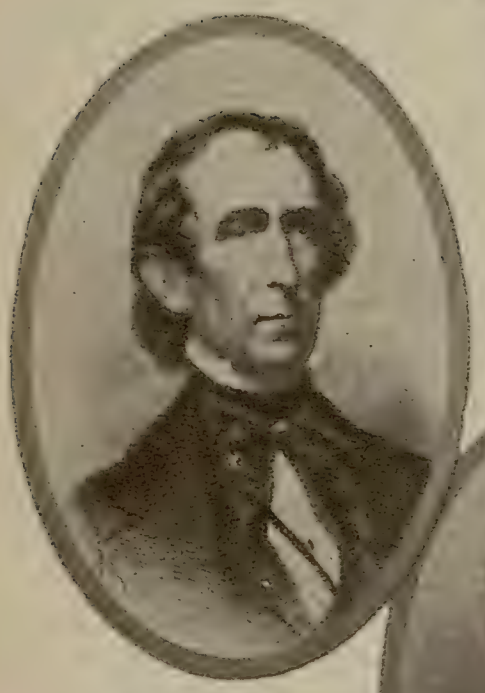
Mr. Niendorf stepped out of earshot of the young woman clerk in the office.

"I have been married twelve years," he said with a knowing smile, "and I've never yet presumed to tell a woman what she should do. It's nearly always the man who is to blame, anyway."

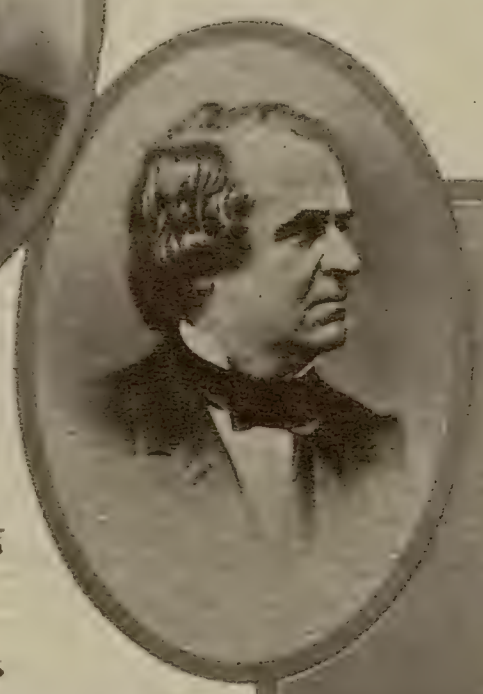
THE END

Is a Vice President Important?

Revealing How Occupants of the Pigeonhole of National Politics Have Emerged Unexpectedly to Sit in the Presidential Chair



JOHN TYLER
From a Photo by Brady



ANDREW JOHNSON
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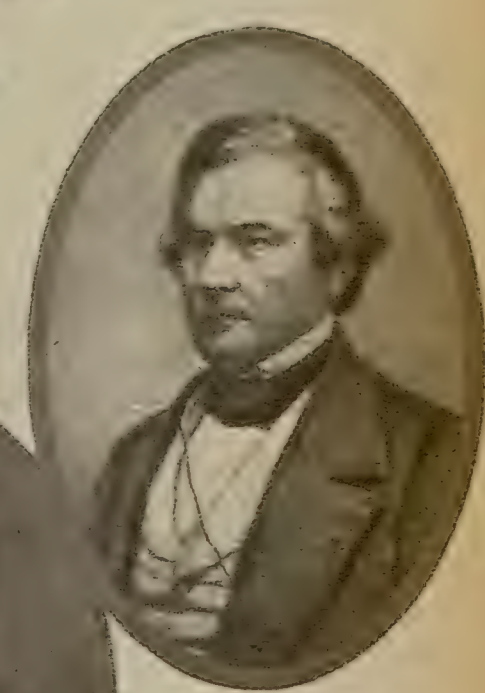


MILLARD FILLMORE
From a Photo by Brady

By Arthur Sears Henning

IN one of those hours of relaxation in the senate cloakroom of one party while an orator of the other party holds the floor at length in the adjacent chamber, the conscript fathers amused themselves, according to veracious chronicle, in contest to determine who could name the greatest number of Vice Presidents of the United States.

The competition was won hands down by a statesman who named fourteen. The winner, however, happened to be the Vice President at the time, and was disqualified from the contest upon confession that he had refreshed his memory after receiving the nomination, when he was inspired with curiosity, pardonably enough, concerning the illustrious though obscure company he was destined to join.

Twenty-nine men have served as Vice President since 1789, six of them becoming President by the death of the chief executive: John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt, and Calvin Coolidge. Three others were subsequently elected President: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Martin Van Buren. Of equal importance was only one other: John C. Calhoun. The only Vice Presidents who served more than four years were John Adams, George Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, Calhoun, and Thomas R. Marshall, all of whom held the office eight years consecutively.

Of the first five Vice Presidents who became President to fill a vacancy only one—Theodore Roosevelt—was elected, or even nominated by his party, to succeed himself in the executive office. The sixth, President Coolidge, is expected to be nominated as candidate for a full term in the office to which he succeeded upon the death of President Harding.

THE Vice President is usually an unknown quantity. He is known to exist and to function somewhere, presumably in Washington, but who he is or what he is comparatively few people know.

When a Vice President becomes chief executive it is the fashion to say: "Really, now, we ought to exercise more care in the selection of our Vice Presidents."

When President Harding died and Mr. Coolidge succeeded him we heard much of this advice, accentuated and with a new turn to it. Mr. Harding, it was said, manifestly was killed by the Presidency, a strong man borne down and crushed by the burdens of an office which have been steadily growing heavier.

The work President Harding was called upon to do daily in his high office, shaking hands with hundreds of people, making speeches, dictating, signing papers, reviewing parades, lunching and dining with distinguished persons, counseling on affairs of state, and scores of other activities which left him only about six hours of sleep in twenty-four, was described with appalling effect.

But probably President Coolidge could do all that President Harding did and never be the worse for wear. The Coolidge physique is wiry and able to endure severe strain. Certainly the burden of the Presidency now is one that a far less robust man than President Coolidge might bear with ease.

The work of the executive has been reorganized by a keen, analytical, methodical mind. It is a mind that goes quickly, generally unerringly, to the heart of a question, instinctively eliminating all non-essentials, a mind trained in the technique of administration whereby only broad policies are dealt with by the chief executive, while details are left to subordinates.

Since the Coolidge reorganization became effective all letters to the President have been answered on the day of receipt, completely dumfounding the bureaucracy.

Mr. Coolidge works in his office from nine o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, with an hour for lunch, and frequently works

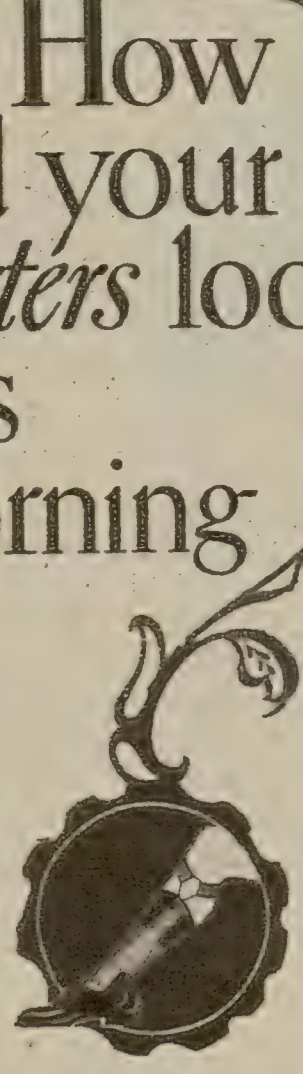
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"EVERYMAN" BY COLES PHILLIPS

One of the paintings which brought Coles Phillips, the artist, into prominence was "EVERYMAN," a painting which was made for Boston Garters many years ago. It is still reproduced today on every box of Bostons, an easy means of identifying quality.

How did your *garters* look this morning

This friendly reminder to forgetful men earns for Bostons the thanks of thousands of careful dressers.



Treat yourself to a fresh pair of Bostons today and be comfortable

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

George Frost Company, Boston

Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE] in his library at night. He is in better condition physically today than when he was Vice President. He is bearing the burden of his new office with ease. So, whether the Presidency is a killing job seems to depend largely on the President himself.

But nobody is going to dispute the desirability of exercising as much care in the selection of the candidates for Vice President as in the choice of the nominees for President.

THE candidate for Vice President invariably nowadays is chosen from a different part of the country than the candidate for President. A variety of other considerations enters into the election. The deciding factor may be the circumstance that the candidate lives in a doubtful state which his influence might carry for his party. It may be his affiliation with a faction of the party other than that of the Presidential candidate.

When Garfield was nominated by the Republicans in 1880 Chester A. Arthur was named his running mate to placate the defeated Grant faction. Sometimes the nomination for second place has been made as a consolation prize to a defeated contender for first place. Calhoun once withdrew as a candidate for the nomination for President and accepted second place on the ticket. Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1876 and came out of the convention as the selection for Vice President. In 1880 and 1884 also he aspired to the Presidency and finally landed in the Vice Presidential chair in the latter year as running mate to Grover Cleveland.

John A. Logan of Illinois figured in the balloting for head of the ticket in the 1884 Republican convention and came out the choice for Vice President. Allen G. Thurman of Ohio unfurled his red bandanna for the Presidency in the Democratic convention in 1884, but did not get on the ticket till 1888, and then in second place. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois had better luck in 1892, going after the Democratic nomination for President and getting elected Vice President.

Sometimes the candidate for Vice President has been chosen, it has been charged, with an eye to his "barrel" and the amount thereof he might reasonably be expected to contribute to the campaign expenses.

This accusation invariably is heard when rich men, such as Levi P. Morton in 1888 and Charles Warren Fairbanks in 1904 and again in 1916, were nominated by the Republicans, and Arthur Sewall in 1896 and Henry Gassaway Davis in 1904 were chosen for second place on the ticket by the Democrats.

Theodore Roosevelt is popularly supposed to have attained the Vice Presidency in 1900 by virtue of being kicked upstairs by Boss Tom Platt of New York, who had been irked by the independence of Roosevelt as Governor of that state and wanted to get rid of the embarrassment to his rule. Colonel Roosevelt wanted another term as Governor, and, for a time, stubbornly fought the movement to name him for Vice President. But the clamor from the West and South for the selection of Roosevelt as running mate to McKinley could not be withstood, and upstairs went the colonel, to the satisfaction of Boss Platt.

The nomination of Mr. Coolidge for Vice President at Chicago in 1920 was a good illustration of the irresistibility of certain considerations which always are involved in naming the party ticket. Mr. Coolidge was not the choice of the leaders in that convention for Vice President, and his nomination came about by virtue of a spontaneous revolt against the slatemakers.

Had the leaders been able to accomplish their aim Senator Irvine L. Lenroot of Wisconsin, instead of Calvin Coolidge, would have been nominated and would be President today.

THE only prescribed duty of the Vice President is to act as president of the Senate. As such he is required to master parliamentary law and the intricate rules and precedents of the Senate. Some men, like Thomas R. Marshall, distinguish themselves by their proficiency in this field. Mr. Coolidge, however, was not rated high as a presiding officer.

To what extent, if any, a Vice President might properly participate in the administration of the government long has been a subject of dispute. President Taylor, who was not versed in civil affairs, intended to lean on Vice President Fillmore, who, the general had assumed, would be an ex-officio member of his cabinet. He was greatly disappointed when Senator Crittenden informed him that the Vice President could not properly participate in cabinet meetings.

Vice Presidents frequently have been called into cabinet meetings, however, and Mr. Harding established the precedent General Taylor had contemplated when he invited Vice President Coolidge to sit regularly with the cabinet.

Mr. Coolidge accepted and regularly attended the cabinet meetings, sitting at the foot of the table opposite the President. In this manner Mr. Coolidge acquired a knowledge of the administration which stood him in good stead when Fate called him to the direction of the government.

THE END

EXERCISE II.—Feet about two foot lengths apart; arms full length overhead; bend trunk forward and swing arms between legs. Repeat five times.

EXERCISE I.—Arms straight out, twist waist first to left as far as possible without strain, then to right. Slowly at first, then add force.

EXERCISE III.—Feet about two foot lengths apart; arms straight out at sides. Twist waist to left and touch finger-tips of right hand to toes of left foot. Reverse. Five times to right, five to left.

Whittling Down the Silhouette

How to Cultivate a Figure in Keeping With Fashion

By ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

WITH the flat silhouette firmly established in the world of beauty and dress, the woman inclined to embonpoint must needs look to her figure, for there is no place for even the slightest bulge of the body in this season's realm of fashion.

Wide latitude is permitted in any number of things — jewels, dress fabric, maid service, chauffeurs, entertainment—but even an ounce too much on hip, waist, or abdomen, and all is lost! With the belted, straight, or chemise gown and the straighter, unbelted tubular in dress line, all manner of liberties may be taken with tiers and drapes, bouffant flounces and fringe, plaits and medallions—but the form beneath is not permitted a single bulge. Not the slightest tendency to curve fore or aft is sanctioned.

Figures are commissioned to such disappearing proportions that the dress and the back are surface kin to wall paper and the wall. In front, e'en though a Callot or a Lanvin caprice calls for material caught in massive draping there, the blue print of smart feminine architecture demands that she be flat as flat can be.

Where does the bulge begin on human anatomy? And where does it continue to disfiguring protuberance and overabundance of flesh?

On the waistline and in its immediate vicinity!

Feminine structure not infrequently adds further to the disenchantment of a perfect silhouette by varying degrees of protuberance on the back below the waistline.

And when a woman tries to crowd these various bulges into a 1924 model she is confronted with an awkwardness of outline extremely unhappy for both her inner and her outer self.

But why waste a precious moment bemoaning the present day ruins of a fine structure when something may be done about it, and right away and with comparative simplicity? Or why await the day of unpleasant revelation to fall upon one when, with a few minutes' daily devotion to a few simple exercises, one may fortify waist and abdominal muscles against invasion by the beauty destroying, health impairing, efficiency sapping, and thoroughly unwelcome adipose guest?

The muscles in the region of waist, hips, and abdomen come in for less daily activity in the ordinary course of life than any other part of the body. Arms and hands are subject to frequent movement; leg and foot muscles are exercised, though not as much as they might be, it is true; the muscles of head and neck have considerable treatment with their turnings and stretchings and twistings. But few of us have occupations which allow the stretchings and turnings and stooping from the waist to give enough pull on the muscles in the middle of the body.

The more sedentary the occupation the more liable the individual to spreading hips and bulging waistline. This is why flesh accumulates here first and in such undue proportions.

We present you here what are, in our opinion, three of the best exercises for that part of the anatomy which suffers most from super-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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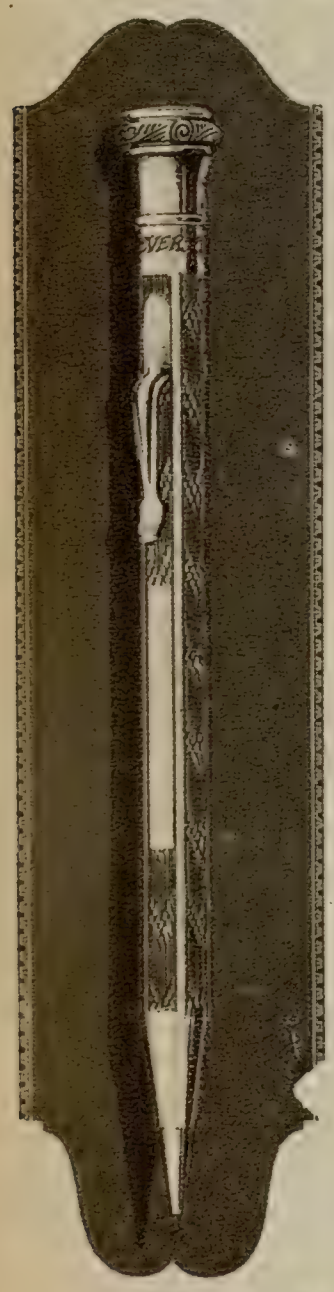

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Six distinct improvements make the new Eversharp a superior — the supreme pencil.

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The NEW PERFECTED
WAHL EVERSHARP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

fluous flesh. And we suggest your concentrating upon these entirely for the time being.

Take out your tape measure and confront yourself with the bad news, if such it is. Then go to the exercises and keep at them morning and night until you have accomplished the reduction you desire, and then keep at them afterward.

These exercises work both ways —as preventive and corrective of the ills of flesh. The good they will do, as you will find for yourself, is not confined to this one portion of the body, but to other parts as well. But concentrate your mind on waist and hip reduction.

Do these exercises in loose clothing. If you have a woolen bathing suit, jump into it, and slip on your heaviest woolen sweater for the simple workout. There is a bit of good psychology in getting into these "working" clothes, and, more important, you will work up a better perspiration this way, which is invaluable and makes the shower imperative, something which should always follow.

Do your workout in the morning upon arising and again before retiring for good measure. Begin slowly; not more than five times repetition of each movement. You may gradually increase until you can do the exercises twenty, thirty, or fifty times, if you choose.

Before beginning these exercises, first of all practice to stand correctly. A marked change in abdominal protuberance and girth may be accomplished by the simple process of a correct posture, which requires the abdominal muscles to be contracted. By acquiring the proper carriage of the body you will train all the ordinary movements, such as walking, standing, stooping, reaching, into exercises of practical value. With an ordinary day's walking alone you may see to what extensive training you may thus put the abdominal muscles.

Stand before a mirror to see for yourself the corrective value of a good standing posture; heels in line; knees straight but without stiffness; hips square to the front; body erect and stretched as if you were being held up by the head; abdomen flat; chest high; shoulders square and falling easily; arms and hands hanging naturally, palms lightly touching the thighs; weight of the body resting principally on the ball of the feet; heels touching ground lightly; head erect; chin in, but not down; eyes straight forward. Practice this position until you can assume and maintain it without restraint.

Now for the exercises, directions for which are given with the pictures accompanying this article.

THE END

Takes Off 41 Lbs. In Exactly 7 Weeks!

WALLACE

"I weighed just 129 today — by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170!" This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 Lbs. With Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter — then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow the method sounded sensible; the free demonstrations seemed fair; so I *started*.

"Fifteen minutes each evening. I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: *I lost 6½ lbs. the first week!*

"The second week I lost 8 lbs. more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

You Can Lose By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records: that she got thin to music and did nothing else — no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of *any amount* of overweight. And proof is *free*.

Just fill out the coupon—you've seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it! You'll receive the whole first week's lesson complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

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Rafael—the Condemned.

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ'

Latest Masterpiece of Dramatic Fiction

Condemned

The STORY OF A DOOMED MAN'S WIFE

Pictures by J. E. ALLEN

By Vicente Blasco Ibanez

FOR fourteen months he had been there in the narrow eight foot cell—his world, a rectangle bounded by four whitewashed walls, every crack and cranny of which he knew by heart; his sun, the little window cut high above the floor and crossed by iron bars that quartered a small patch of blue sky; his freedom, the right to move barely half the length of the eight feet to the end of a noisy, clanking chain, the ring of which had cut so deeply into his ankle that it had veritably become a part of his flesh.

He had been condemned to death.

Up in Madrid the Ministry of Justice was reviewing the papers in his case for the last time. For months and months, meanwhile, here he had been lying, buried alive, rotting like an animate corpse in a coffin of stone and mortar, almost yearning, as for a merely momentary pang that would spare his greater tortures, for the instant when the garrote would close about his throat, putting an end to everything once and for all.

Solitude! Utter solitude! If only a rat or a mouse would come in to share his bread and water. That would have been some one to talk to. Or a spider, or a cockroach! He could spend the time taming them!

But no life, save his, was allowed to enter that sepulchre. One day—what a vivid memory it was!—a sparrow had alighted on one of the bars of the window and looked in upon him like a mischievous child at play. And the sparrow—incorrigible vagabond of light and space! —had chirped, chirped in surprise, probably, at seeing a man down in that hole, a bleached, emaciated man, shivering with cold, though it was full summer, sitting there with one piece of tattered cloth knotted around his chest and another piece of tattered cloth knotted about his loins.

In the end the bird must have been frightened at the weird figure it saw below, for it shook its feathers, as though to free them from the mustiness issuing from the window, and flew away.

The only sounds that reached him came from other prisoners as they moved about the prison yard. Lucky dogs! They at least could see some sky over their heads, and they didn't have to breathe through an airhole. Besides, they were not chained to the wall as he was and they could find some one to talk to. Even in a penitentiary misfortune had its gradations!

He, in solitary confinement, could envy ordinary convicts their liberty of the yard; while they in turn could envy the people going up and down the streets outside—probably no better satisfied than the prisoners in the jail, angry at their failure to attain this or that desire! Lots they appreciated their freedom! They ought to be in jail for a while!

He, surely, was on the bottom rung of the ladder of misfortune. In a moment of frenzied desperation he had tried to escape, digging into the cement floor under him. After that the guards had been instructed to watch him very closely. If he started to sing some one would come and tell him to be silent. If he tried to mumble aloud such phrases as he could remember of the prayers his mother taught him, again they would come and tell him to be silent.

Silence? Why so much silence? Ah, yes, they thought he was shamming—shamming insanity. And it was very important that he be in good condition, sound in mind and sound in body, for the great day. You couldn't offer damaged goods to an official strangler!

Madness? No; he was as much afraid of that as anybody. He wanted to keep his head clear. But sitting there, day in, day out—along with the wretched stuff they brought him to eat—would likely finish him in the end.

He never could get a good night's sleep! They kept his cell brightly lighted all the time—as regulations required—and in fourteen months he hadn't grown used to it. And besides, whenever he closed his eyes, he would see things.

WHEN, from a first term in prison, he came back to the little village where he lived, he had been the hero of the whole district. The boys around the taverns and drinking places had made him their idol.

"Rafael's every inch a man!" they cried. The prettiest girl in town had proposed marriage to him, not because she loved him but because she admired and feared a big, courageous fellow like him.

Then the folks down at the town hall had put him on the mounted police force, counting on his strong right arm and his sure aim with gun or revolver to prove an invaluable asset of "the party" at election time.

And he had made good, he had! He had held "those other fellows"—the "outs"—in the hollow of his hand, till at last they got tired of it, and hunted around for another big fellow who had also just come out of jail and set him up in opposition.

Cristo! A matter of reputation, that was! Not to say of bread and butter! Yes! Either he or the other one! So at last the time came as it had to come! He had caught him off his guard one day, and shot him, finishing him off afterward with the butt end of the rifle. To be sure, he wouldn't go strutting and bragging around any more!

A fair fight, after all! A little matter between men, he-men!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

His wife, a dark skinned girl, dressed in Sunday clothes.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

But prison, nevertheless—the detention prison, where he had met many of "the boys"; and after that the trial—everybody turning against him to get even for the way he had held them in line as agent of "the party"; and after that the sentence, that terrifying sentence, and fourteen months of waiting—waiting for death to come, to come from Madrid.

Rafael was not lacking in courage. Of an afternoon in the taverns he had heard stories read, stories of Juan Portela and Francisco Estaban and how they had defied the law. No, he would face the music as pluckily as they had! People back home would see how a brave man went to his death!

BUT then again, at night sometimes he would leap from his mattress as though shot from a spring, making his chain clank on the floor with an ominous, foreboding sound. And he would cry and he would scream, ashamed of himself all the while and doing his best to subdue his weakness.

There was somebody inside him, you see; another person whom he had never been acquainted with before, a timid, cowardly wretch who moaned and groaned and wept and whimpered and wouldn't keep still till he had drunk half a dozen cups or more of that stew of dried beans and dried figs that passed for coffee in the prison fare.

Of the old Rafael, the Rafael who had been eager for death to escape the weariness of confinement, nothing but the shell was left.

He became suspicious, fearful. In every approaching footstep he felt the oncoming of the fatal summons. And the prison chaplain—he was coming in every evening now—just as if that dank hole were a fit place for a pleasant conversation and a couple of cigars. Bad signs; bad signs! Something in the air!

ONE day the news broke over him like a lightning bolt and a clap of thunder! Denied! Denied! His appeal had been dismissed by the authorities at Madrid. Death was on the way now—it was coming by telegraph.

A death watch told him that his wife, with a little baby, born since he had been in jail, was walking up and down outside the prison, begging to see him! All over, then!. If she had come all the way from the village the "business" must surely be at hand!

Ah, a pardon, a commutation! He clutched vehemently at this last hope which some one had suggested to him. A commutation; yes, why not? Others had had a pardon. And besides, when you think of it, that lady up in Madrid, the *senora*, the queen—what interest could she have in getting a poor man strangled? A mere matter of signing her name to a piece of paper!

Visitors were growing numerous now—officials with some duty in connection with the execution, other officials who came out of sheer curiosity; then lawyers, priests not connected with the prison, newspaper men. And, trembling, suppliant, beseeching, he asked them all the same question:

"What do you think? Have I got a chance? Will she sign? Will she sign?"

They sent him word to be ready; on the following day he would be taken back to the scene of the crime, handcuffed and under guard—like a steer freighted to the slaughter-house in a box cart. There, in the village, the "operator" would be on hand with his "instrument."

The woman was still watching outside the prison gate, hoping to catch a glimpse of Rafael as they brought him out. She was a sturdy, dark skinned girl, with thick lips and heavy eyebrows that joined over her nose. Dressed in her Sunday clothes—a short skirt bulging from the petticoats under it—she still made the air about her heavy with the pungent odor of dairy, barn, and stable.

Surprise and stupefaction, rather than fear, were written on her face as she stood gazing at the heavy door of the prison. She would break into tears from time to time as she looked down at the child clinging to her full bosom.

"*Senor!* What a disgrace for the family!" she cried. "I always knew he would end this way! I wish we had never had our little girl!"

The prison chaplain came out to comfort her. Resignation! The ways of the Most High were dark and dreadful! But His children must accept them as mercies for their good. She would be a widow? But she might find, in the end, a man to make her happier than Rafael could ever have done!

The thought gave the girl courage. She had been in love before Rafael came along; but the boy had prudently retired when that strong armed bully had shown his inclination for her. With Rafael safe in jail and about to be put to death, the young fellow had been loitering in her neighborhood in the village, or approaching her at work in the fields, as though trying to find a pretext for saying something to her.

"Yes," she said to herself. "It won't be for lack of a man!" And her face almost sketched a smile. "But I am a good girl. If I marry another one he will have to be more like what the Lord expects us to be!"

The chaplain and the prison guards were shocked at this simplicity. She caught their expression, came back to realities, began to weep again.

The message arrived by telegraph that evening.

SHE had signed! Moved by petitions and appeals, the lady up in Madrid, whom Rafael dreamed of as surrounded with all the splendors and adornments of the Eternal Fathers on the chapel altars, had consented to commute the sentence. The news turned the prison into pandemonium, all the convicts shouting and cheering as though an order for the release of all of them had come.

The chaplain hurried out to the woman sitting at the prison gate.

"Good news, my child! Good news! They are not going to kill your husband. You will not be a widow!"

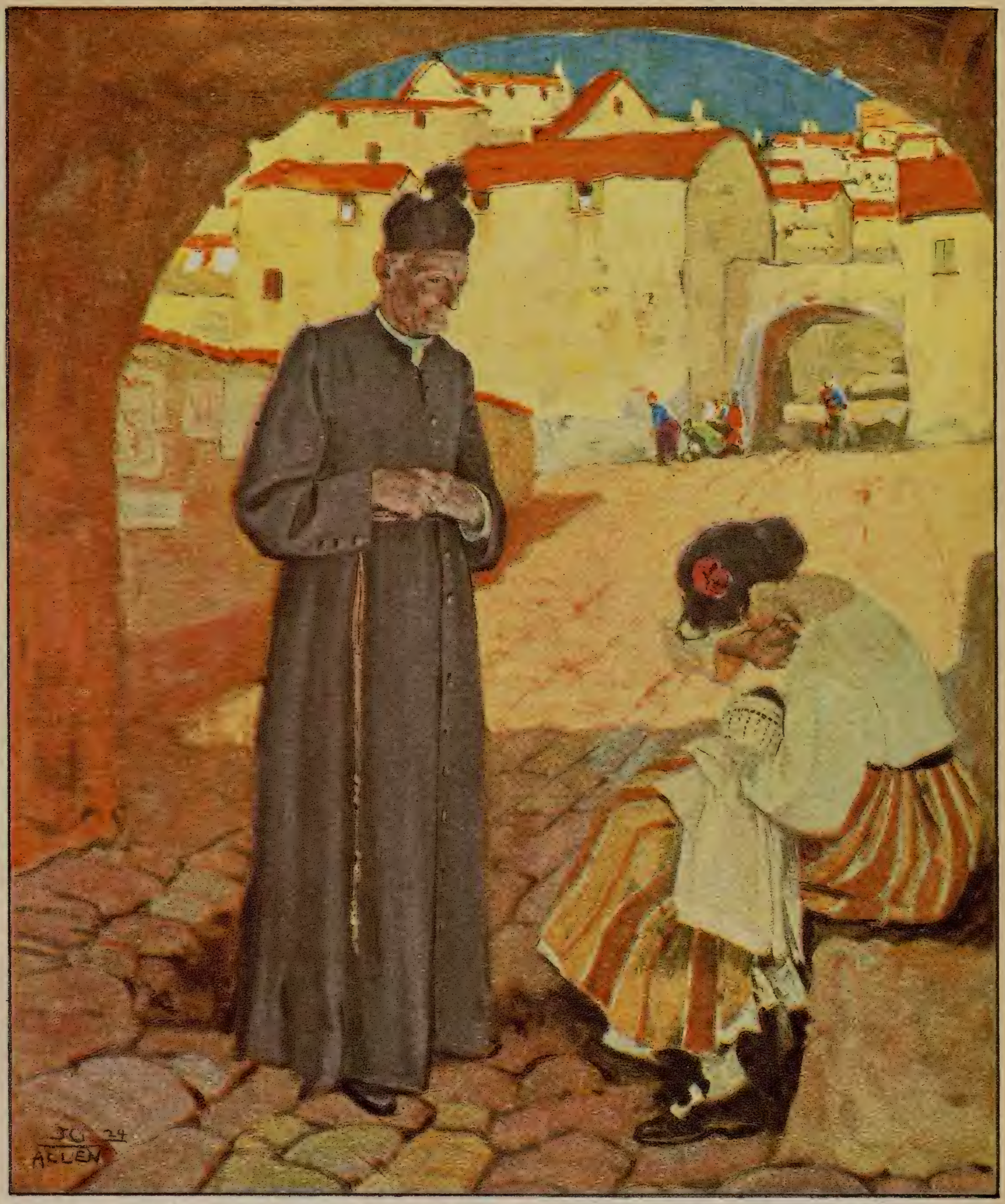
The girl did not answer. She stood there bewildered, as though a thousand thoughts were in conflict in her brain.

"Good!" she said at last, very quietly. "And when will they let him out?"

"Let him out? . . . Are you crazy, woman? You ought to be satisfied that we saved his neck. He is in for life. They will send him to Africa. It's hard on a fellow down there, but he is young and strong. He'll be good for twenty years!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He surely was on the bottom rung of the ladder of misfortune.



The prison chaplain came out to comfort her. Resignation! The ways of the Most High were dark and dreadful.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

The tears the girl shed now came from her whole soul—tears not of mourning but of despair and anger.

"Come," said the chaplain with a touch of impatience. "You ought to be thankful! You are tempting God. They have commuted his sentence, don't you understand? They aren't going to choke him to death tomorrow. Aren't you glad?"

The girl stopped weeping, and her eyes gleamed with an expression of hatred.

"Good! They won't kill him. I am glad. He is saved—but what about me?" she cried.

She stood in silence for a time; and then she added, with a groan that shook her sturdy, sunburned, pungently odorous frame from head to foot:

"They have saved him—but me? They have condemned me! *They have condemned me!*"

THE END

SPILLS AND THRILLS MARK THE BATTLE FOR

DOWN BUT NOT OUT! The third race at the United Hunts meet at Belmont Park, Lon Island, with one horse and rider hitting the turf, and another slipping fast after leaping the ba rier. Like a battle scene, isn't it? P. & A. Photo

REACHING FOR A HIGH ONE. Ida Schnall, famous champion all around athlete, who is reorganizing the New York Female Giants baseball team. International Photo

STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE AND NERVE, Lou A. Clarke of Johns Hopkins, national collegiate 100-ya champion, wins the 220-yard dash from Eric Liddell Edinburgh (left) at the Penn relay games, Philadelphi Russell of Cornell (rear) appears tickled about somethin Wide World Photo

SUPREMACY IN SPORT WORLD

Human Rocket Is Winner of Pentathlon Events at Penn Relay Meet

RIGHT ON THE CHEST—Johnny Hunter, star shortstop of the University of Southern California baseball team, catches this "hopper," which he apparently misjudged. A few inches higher and he would have seen stars.
Wide World Photo

THIS IMITATION OF A SKYROCKET is by C. West of Washington and Jefferson University, who is not flying, but making a broad jump during the Pentathlon at the Penn relay carnival. He won the title.
International Photo

TED

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One Sign to look for

TEXACO

The Man Who Wanted to Be a Sewer Rat

By James J. Montague

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

He staggered and fell full length on the floor,

SOMEWHERE out in that tract of desolation that ball players call "the sticks" and actors refer to as "the provinces" is hidden the secret of why Fred Holloway went trouping. All sorts of people take up acting, to be sure. But the demand for actors with casts in their eyes is practically negligible. And in Fred's right eye was a cast that nothing but a black patch could have hidden. Marvelous is the art of make-up, but not even facial surgery could have done anything to that eye except painfully to accentuate its crookedness.

Still, somewhere and somehow, Fred Holloway did go on the stage, on and off, for the most part. That was how he happened to be one of the regulars in the lines of actors who wait outside the offices of New York managers when the word gets out that a new production is under way. He was about forty years old when he first appeared there. If previously he had won any laurels in the provinces, the provinces had sent no tidings of them to Broadway.

Fred's appearance was not such as to attract the favorable notice of stage directors. The bad eye looked out of an unprepossessing face. In stature he was a trifle under five feet. Months of unproductive job hunting had run his clothes to seed.

His eagerness to get a good place in the line kept him from shaving in the morning. A day's stubble is a scant recommendation to a manager's scout, even if he is looking for "types," instead of masculine beauty. Sometimes kindly, sometimes roughly, Fred was told he wasn't wanted, and went away to stand in line somewhere else.

It was about four years ago that Holloway stepped out of a line in John Golden's office just as the boss himself breezed in through the door. Mr. Golden has produced Turn to the Right, Lightnin', and a string of other successes.

"Mr. Golden," he said, "could you give me a job?"

"I haven't a job for you just now," said Golden, "but if I find one I'll bear you in mind." Fred thanked him, politely, but not profusely, and went his way. "That's what they all say," he said as he passed the last man in the line.

After what was perhaps the fourth appearance of the actor in his office within a week, the producer, meeting him, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Do you think you could play a jockey?" he asked.

"Sure! Why, I've been a jockey. I was raised in the South, right among horses."

The bad eye could not hurt a jockey part. Fred's lack of height was just the thing for it. So, in a piece called Flying Colors, he got his chance.

It wasn't much of a part. But he made the most of it. For a week he was happy in it. But at the end of the week it became apparent that Flying Colors wouldn't prove a success. There were not enough people in the theater Saturday night to justify opening it again Monday. Once more Fred went looking for a job.

SIX or seven months went by. Fred lived in the meantime. Just how is a mystery that must remain forever hidden. Now and then Golden would meet him in the street and assure him that just as soon as the right part turned up he should have it.

"I'm glad of that, Mr. Golden," Fred would invariably reply. "You're the only manager I want to be with."

At the foot of the stairs leading to his establishment Golden, accompanied by Austin Strong, one day met the always alert actor. Strong that morning had brought the manager a one act play based on the love of a Paris street cleaner for a slum woman. Golden didn't want a one act play. But after the author and he had talked this one over for a few hours they had sketched a rough plot of a regular three act drama. It was the play later called The Seventh Heaven.

"Holloway," said the manager, "how would you like to be a sewer rat?"

"Golly! Mr. Golden. I'd like that great!" the actor replied. "Am I going to be one?"

"I hope so. We've got a plot with a sewer

struggling for breath and too weak to rise.

A TRUE STORY of a Tragedy of the Stage

rat in it, and you ought to shine in it."

"Thanks! When do rehearsals start?"

"As soon as Strong writes the play. He hasn't started on it yet."

You might fancy that Fred's face fell at this. He had been waiting for work a weary while. But he smiled contentedly as he walked away, calling over his shoulder that he would be on hand the minute he was wanted.

THREE years he waited altogether. No engagement on the stage came to him in all that time. Managers still sought types, but none of them happened to be in need of a shabby little man with a bad eye. So Fred, to keep the wolf away, engaged in business. He appeared one day in Golden's office with a bundle of large black discs under his arm.

"What are those for?" inquired Golden.

"For you, or for any one else who will buy them. They're mats to put on the floor, you know, under chairs and tables and things. A guy has got to live, and I don't want to accept any engagement that would keep me from being on hand when you want me. I'm under contract to you."

The manager's office from that time forth was decorated with a number of rubber mats. So were many of the offices of his brother managers, who are still wondering how Golden happened to send them such curious gifts.

But the mat trade soon petered out. The saturation point was reached in a week. A little later Golden found Fred outside his show shop, waiting for him. He was a little shabbier and looked a little hungrier.

"Mr. Golden," he said, with just a quiver of anxiety in his voice, "haven't you got any idea when I can have that sewer rat part? Not that I care," he added, with a transparent effort at nonchalance, "but my landlady's getting terribly interested."

By this time the part was indeed within his grasp. In a few days rehearsals began. Fred did not need to be notified. He was on hand before any one else in the company.

ALWAYS the road to success is beset with difficulties and piled high with obstacles. When the sewer rat at his first rehearsal dived into the trap that served for a sewer entrance, he caught on a projecting nail and practically divested himself of a brand new pair of trousers belonging to a suit which he had bought with money borrowed for this great occasion.

He was all for going on in the shattered pantaloons. Appearances must be sacrificed to art. But Golden, who was almost as greatly interested in the success of the play as the sewer rat's landlady, insisted on a change, and held up the rehearsal till a messenger could provide it. Meanwhile Fred sat on the floor and studied his part.

The rehearsals were long and wearisome. Much rewriting was done as they progressed. Most of the members of the company soon became exhausted, but the sewer rat never. When the play had begun to take shape he was found off the stage and supplying the mob with cues, so they never would shout in the wrong place. He directed the band that played outside when the hero went off to the war. All his earnest soul was in the play.

In all the criticisms that followed the opening production in New York the sewer rat was noticed, and always favorably. He found with boundless delight that he had arrived. The years of waiting, the hunger, the painful consciousness that physical disfigurement was a terrible handicap were all as nothing compared to the tremendous happiness of the morning when the reviews appeared.

For three weeks he was in his own seventh heaven as well as in Austin Strong's. Every night he directed the mob and the band. Every night he put more art and more character into his beloved part. Three weeks of success were his reward for years of failure. It was all that he got. But it was more than enough.

A very evil person is the lady villain in The Seventh Heaven. She leads a vicious and a dissolute life. She drinks absinthe and takes dope. She tries to strangle her pretty little sister because the latter tells the truth about her.

One day this lady, stepping out of her character and reassuming her name, which is Marian Kirby, said to Golden:

"I don't think Fred Holloway ought to dress in that upstairs room. It's a long way up, and he can't stand the climb."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Golden. "Is he sick or something?"

"He must be. He breathes hard all the time. He looks so weak and faint when he comes off! He won't admit it, but I'm afraid he has some serious trouble."

The manager made a few inquiries and gave a few directions, with the result that a grand, stage-level dressing room, built for Marie Tempest, was turned over to the sewer rat.

"This place is too swell for a sewer rat," he used to say. "They must think I'm a star! But it's right handy, I'll say that for it."

So for a few days, all seemed well.

But one night the lady villain, who was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

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Tomorrow

Wins $1,000 for Paris Journalist

Third Prize in $25,000 Name Contest

ANDRE DE CASANOVE of Paris, whose magazine articles and novels under the pen name of Andre Jacques have attracted considerable attention in France, is the winner of the third and final prize of $1,000 in the world-wide contest to find the best name and slogan for this new national weekly.

The name that he suggested is Tomorrow, and the slogan to supplement it is, " A Weekly of Universal Appeal."

" I thought that was a chic and attractive name—short, and carrying an idea of the future that might appeal to Americans," he explained.

George A. Elwell of Youngstown, Ohio, has already been announced as the winner of the first prize of $20,000 for suggesting the name Liberty, with which the magazine has been christened, and Charles A. Eypper of Guttenberg, New Jersey, has been awarded the second prize of $4,000 for offering the next best name, Vision. The award to M. de Casanove completes the list.

With his wife and three children, two boys and a girl, M. de Casanove, who speaks and writes English fluently, lives in a comfortable apartment near the Place Wagram. He has just completed one novel, The Affair of the Kangaroo, and is at work on another, to be called Lucette. In addition to writing fiction, he is a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines, and an employe of the French government's merchant marine service.

He began to read the Paris edition of The Chicago Tribune when it was established in 1917, and has been a constant reader ever since. During the war he was attached to the French navy, and was assigned to the mobilization of shipping for the transport of munitions and troops. When the name contest was started, he read about it in the Paris Tribune, and at once started to offer suggestions.

" I have never been in the United States," he said, " but I have always wished to go there, and I figured, if I won a prize, I might make the trip with the money."

Born in Paris, he was educated in the French Naval College at Brest. He is a member of a family of artists, his uncle, Felix Duban, having won the Grand Prix of Rome. A reproduction of Duban's frescoes is still being exhibited at Beaux Arts in Paris and he has served as a director of that school.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

in the wings as Fred was waiting to go on, saw him stagger and fall full length on the floor. Quickly she got him away, and in the incredibly short space of time it takes actors to cover up such mishaps another man was on the stage, reading the sewer rat's lines. Fred, struggling for breath, and too weak to raise himself from the great chair into which he had sunk, heard the voice of the understudy, and wondered if the audience had noticed the substitution.

At the fall of the last curtain he had revived a little. He put up such a hard fight against the suggestion that a doctor be called that they let him have his way. He could go home, the others told him, if he would go in a taxi. But when the lady villain, on her way to her dressing room, stopped in to look at him he was engaged in another battle for his breath. His hand clutched at his heart. He had almost slipped from his chair.

Still in her costume and make-up, and the picture of a female fiend, Miss Kirby hurried outside to a telephone and arranged with a private hospital not far away to receive a patient. Returning, she picked up the sufferer in her arms—he weighed something under ninety pounds—bore him to the street and summoned a taxi. Half an hour later the sewer rat was tucked tidily in a white cot, with a doctor bending over him and a young woman with a sinister face but a kind heart waiting anxiously for the verdict.

In a very faint voice Fred was saying:

" I want you to fix me up quick, Doc. I've got to be back at the theater tomorrow night, sure. You just give me some kind of a bracer and I'll be all right. There isn't anything much the matter, is there? "

" Too soon to tell positively," said the doctor. " I'll look in on you again by and by."

The doctor shook his head as he passed the strange figure in the doorway. " Heart seizure," he said. " Mighty little chance for him."

GOLDEN heard about it by telephone the next morning. He found the room piled high with flowers and baskets of fruit when he got to the hospital. Every member of the company had sent something to eat or to look at or to wear.

The little patient roused himself from an uncomfortable sleep when Golden entered. He motioned the manager to come close and said confidentially:

" Boss, I wish you'd find out from that doctor whether I am going to die or not, and, if I'm not, when I can get back to work."

" You're going to be all right," said Golden. " You'll be well in a day or two, but I'll ask the doctor and make sure."

Golden found the doctor in another room. " He'll live perhaps a day, not more," was the reply the manager got to his question. Miss Kirby accompanied him back to the patient and said, smiling cheerfully:

" The doctor says you'll be out of here in a little while, Fred."

" That's fine," whispered the little invalid. " I hate to think that anybody else is going to be the sewer rat, even for a single night." And he sank into an uneasy sleep.

He was gone by sundown. The words he had spoken to Golden were the last that he spoke in this world. His dying thought was of his part and of the happiness he had found in it. THE END

WHAT IF YOUR CHILD SHOULD HAVE SCARLET FEVER?

Solving the Mystery of a Plague

By Dr. W. A. Evans

The Extraordinary Story of How the Death of a Grandson of John D. Rockefeller Has Led to the Apparent Conquest of a Dread Disease.

Picture by HERBERT BOHNERT

ABOUT twenty-five years ago a grandson of John D. Rockefeller died from scarlet fever. Had the child lived to reach manhood, he might have accomplished great things for the world. Nobody knows. Every child is a lottery.

When this child died, his parents decided that they would assume that a source of benefit had been lost to the world, and that they would offset the loss by endowing research to unravel the mysteries of the disease which had caused it. Thanks to the research which this fund made possible, some of the mysteries of scarlet fever have been solved.

The first mystery was—what caused the disease? That it was bacterial in origin was soon apparent, but what bacterium? Then some one said it was a variety of streptococci. There are many kinds of streptococci. Streptococcus is merely a group name. One kind causes scarlet fever, another rheumatism, a third erysipelas, a fourth pneumonia.

One scientist discovered a method of growing the streptococcus which caused scarlet fever, but, while that contributed to the solution of the mystery, it did not wholly clear it up. Could anybody take a streptococcus grown in this way and prove that it could cause scarlet fever? A method of inoculating animals with this coccus so as to produce something like scarlet fever was discovered. What next?

If one hundred persons, none of whom had ever had scarlet fever, were put in a room with a case of scarlet fever, only one-half of them would contract the disease and the other half would escape. A great mystery. What was the solution?

The Doctors Dick discovered a method of testing animals to see whether or not they were capable of having scarlet fever. This had been done with diphtheria. The method is known as the Schick test. But nobody knew how to make a Schick test for susceptibility to scarlet fever. Such a method was discovered by the Doctors Dick.

The Dick test for scarlet fever should prove as serviceable as the Schick test for diphtheria has proved to be. Within ten years it should be used on millions of children.

BUT the solution of this mystery challenged the solution of other mysteries.

When a child recovered from scarlet fever, why did he get well? Had a curative something developed in his blood serum? If so, could it be made use of? When a child recovered from scarlet fever, he was thereafter beyond danger of contracting the disease. What was the reason? A great mystery!

By way of solution it was found that blood drawn from a person recently recovered from scarlet fever could be used to cure persons sick with scarlet fever, and also to protect temporarily against the disease. Practically, the discovery was not worth a whole lot, since it is not easy to get blood from a person convalescent from scarlet fever.

Was there any hope of getting a supply of curative serum from some animal large enough to afford a large supply and domesticated enough to be handled? Here comes a discovery!

Agar culture medium was injected under the skin of a horse. After it had set, a culture of the streptococcus of scarlet fever was injected into the agar. It grew there and, growing, fed scarlet fever toxin into the tissues and blood stream of the horse. The tissues of the infected animal fought back and, in doing so, manufactured specific curative substances into the blood stream.

The common name for the best known substance of this sort is antitoxin. The discovery consisted in a new method of inoculating a horse with scarlet fever. In fact, it is a new method of infecting a horse with most any disease which can be inoculated by injecting under the skin. I am sure the patent office would hold that this was a discovery and, as such, was entitled to a process of patent. Instead of patenting the process, the inventor, Dr. A. R. Dochez, described his method in detail and invited other scientists to test it in every way they cared to, and then to use it freely if they found it a good method. The next question was: Does this serum cure scarlet fever?

THE first step was to try it on animals. The next, to try it on man. Dr. F. G. Blake was the man who undertook that. Injecting it in small doses under the red skin of a person with scarlet fever, he noticed that the rash faded and the skin became white. Injected in full doses, it caused the rash to fade everywhere; the fever to fall, and the patient to become comfortable. Injected in sufficient doses during the first few days of the eruption, the subjects become practically well within one day.

What remains to be done? First, other physicians and other laboratories must check the several stages in this discovery. Second, the ability of the remedy to prevent must be worked out. Third, the method must be popularized. Von Behring discovered diphtheria antitoxin. Roux proved that it was capable of curing persons with diphtheria under practical conditions. It required several years of work to get diphtheria antitoxin into general use after Roux had made his demonstration.

All letters addressed to Dr. W. A. Evans in care of this weekly, accompanied by stamped envelopes addressed to the writers, will be promptly answered.

Answers to questions relating to diagnosis and treatment will not be—in fact, can not be—satisfactory.

It is hoped that this department may be of service. You are invited to make use of it.

The $20,000,000 FACE

IT HAS BOOSTED ITS OWNER'S PAY CHECK FROM 50 CENTS AN HOUR TO $7,000 A WEEK

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Above: The $20,000,000 face. At left: Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels in Monsieur Beaucaire.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is as much a standard advertised product as your favorite brand of crackers or ginger ale. He is Romance, canned and ready for home delivery.

Valentino could easily be capitalized for twenty million dollars. Necessarily, he carries his assets with him all the time. These are to be observed just above a pale blue negligee collar. The mere sight of his face is sufficient to send a mass of humanity charging after the owner anywhere in America.

Valentino first hit popular favor in the film version of Vicente Blasco Ibanez' The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. This was first shown in New York City on the night of March 6, 1921. Since this was a special run production, it did not reach the country—and the world—at large for nearly a year.

During the interim Valentino has had actually only one good production, a version of another Ibanez romance, Blood and Sand. He has appeared in seven other pictures more or less mediocre and he was barred legally from the screen for nearly two years.

Valentino left the screen a movie idol and came back to it an American institution.

He has made the polished, hammered hair a thing to be desired, he has popularized side whiskers, and he has made the word *sheik* a vital part of our American vocabulary. But he has made life at least twice as hard for the American man. The real heart of the Valentino vogue lies in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Brush Wave Your Hair!

Gently Waves with Every Stroke! Scientifically Curved Rows of Bristles Foster Curliness

[*By* WILLIAM R. DURGIN]

NO LONGER will women spend hours for waves—and then brush them out. The old-fashioned hair brush that straightens the hair with every stroke is handed down to the men. A new kind of brush—with the bristles in wave-formation—brushes in natural waves. This new brush *encourages* curls; it *stimulates* the waviness that the oridinary brush only straightens. The straightest locks yield to its action. Hair that ripples through this new type of brush takes on a wonderous *natural* beauty.

Any Hair "Brush Waved" With Ease

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way. If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect that all the dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate.

For years women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straight rows of bristles straightens the soft hair; how could it be otherwise? But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing.

DRUGGISTS:

Wavex sells rapidly and makes good. The Wavex principle has turned a slow staple to a swift seller. Usual discounts, national advertising and other sales help.

We Guarantee the Sale

Thirty Day Special: Ask your jobber, or drop us order for six brushes in an ideal counter display box C. O. D. *with money back if they do not sell.*

Free Test Offer

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. Until we can supply all the stores, we will forward one brush to any individual making immediate use of coupon, at the introductory price of only $3.00. (Wavex has genuine China hog bristles, handset in strong back with rich ebony finish, and will outlast several cheaply made brushes; so the waving feature really costs you nothing.)

Pay the postman, or send $3.00 now and save postage; either way, the trial is *free*, with money back if not *delighted*. Use coupon *now:*

The DR. EGAN Manufactory Dept. 14A
220 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's free demonstration which must sell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman $3 and postage. (*Or enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

WAVEX

The Curling Hair Brush

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

fact that the American woman is starving for Romance and the American man isn't able to supply it.

BORN in the toe of Italy on May 6, 1895, Valentino comes from pure Latin stock. His father, Giovanni Guglielmi, was a cavalry captain, and later a veterinarian. His mother was French, the daughter of a Parisian physician.

Soon after the death of his father, Rudolph was sent to Dante Alighieri College, and then to the College della Sapienze, a military school. Later he became a student at the Royal Academy of Agriculture near Genoa.

But Rudolph lacked interest in his studies, and he was shipped to America by his worried family, with the family savings of $4,000 in his pocket. He arrived in New York on December 23, 1913.

At this time Valentino did not know how to dance. He made the chance acquaintance of Count Alex Salm and his brother, Count Otto, brothers of Count Ludwig Salm, who recently married Miss Millicent Rogers. He was taught to dance by Count Alex.

With his money rapidly dwindling, Valentino obtained work on the country estate of Cornelius Bliss Jr., at Jericho, Long Island. He was discharged and then went to work on a New Jersey estate for fifteen dollars a month and his board.

Soon after came a series of rapid changes, all for the worse. He lost his clothes for unpaid room rent. His last few cents went for a room in a Mills Hotel. Then he began sleeping in Central Park. He hunted for work each day, for anything, without success. Now and then he polished brass in the street car barns and swept out cars for fifty cents an hour.

Finally he drifted into musical comedy and so reached Los Angeles, the home of the golden cinema.

Valentino was receiving $1,250 a week when he quit work in the films after The Young Rajah. His present readjusted salary is a matter of conjecture, but it is safe to say that when he starts on his own film plays he will be receiving between $7,000 and $10,000 weekly, which includes an interest in his pictures.

The fact that the sheik of the screen is married would seem, on the face of it, to be harmful to his popularity. Marriage has always affected the careers of other film and stage stars. Perhaps it can be explained best in the comment of a certain discerning woman writer:

"Women never think of Valentino in terms of matrimony. To them he represents everything but the perfect husband. He is all emotional adventures rolled into one being."

THE END

This Book Not For Sale

WRITERS, known and unknown, will find in "The New Road to Authorship" startling and valuable information. The book is free to any earnest person who has at some time in his life felt the urge to find expression through one or more of the following outlets: the short story, novel, screen play, advertisement, stage play, business correspondence, journalism, dramatic criticism.

"The New Road to Authorship" discloses for the first time the causes which have brought about a new and revolutionary type of literature in America. It explains why magazine publishers and motion picture producers are now face to face with the greatest scarcity of *acceptable* story material in the history of the nation. It reveals why publishers and producers are encouraging new writers by offering cash inducements totaling enormous sums in order that their needs may be met. The book tells why most established novelists and short-story writers have failed to contribute anything worth while to the photoplay. And it explains why and how scores of writers hitherto unknown have found the path that leads straight to success. Many success stories, told interestingly by these new writers themselves, are contained in this remarkable book.

A Remarkable Discovery

"The New Road to Authorship" is offered free only to persons who have imagination and who are ambitious to carve a name for themselves in one of the various branches of the writing craft. The book will prove dry reading for children and curiosity seekers, and is not intended for them.

Palmer Institute of Authorship has made an amazing discovery, and is willing to pass this discovery on to every one who earnestly desires to write. Established authors and writers, as well as those yet unknown, will find in this book information of incalculable value.

Palmer Institute of Authorship is the foremost institution devoted to the discovery of new writers and the development of new and old writers along paths that lead to higher achievement.

The Advisory Council

Aiding in the work of the Institute is an Advisory Council composed of the following distinguished men in the literary and photoplay worlds: Clayton Hamilton, M.A., author, dramatic critic (formerly of the faculty of Columbia University); Frederick Palmer, of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation; Russell Doubleday, publisher and author; Frederic Taber Cooper, Ph.D., author and critic (formerly of Columbia and New York universities); Thos. H. Ince, motion picture producer; Brian Hooker, author and educator (formerly of the faculty of Yale and Columbia universities); Rob Wagner, author and director; James R. Quirk, editor of *Photoplay Magazine*.

50 Free Scholarships

Persons requesting "The New Road to Authorship" will also receive a copy of the Institute's bulletin outlining the terms of the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which provides fifty free scholarships annually in addition to big cash awards for the best short story and the best screen play submitted by pupils.

The mailing of the coupon below will bring "The New Road to Authorship" and the Scholarship Bulletin to you without cost or obligation.

Palmer Institute of Authorship,
(Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corp.),
Division 6405, Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Cal.

Please send me your 80-page book, "The New Road to Authorship," which I may keep without obligation; also your bulletin explaining how I may avail myself of one of your free scholarships.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

(All correspondence strictly confidential)

THE

ICE PATROL

It Guards Our Ships from the Icebergs —the White Terrors of the Sea

By Professor Robert De C. Ward of Harvard University

Above: An iceberg on the trans-Atlantic steamer lanes. In oval: U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Tampa.

A GIANT passenger liner on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York. Half of the trip already safely over; a quick and so far a successful and uneventful voyage. Then a terrific crash. A huge, sullen, silent mass of ice. Terrible tragedy; superb heroism; untold suffering; scenes heartrending beyond the power of words to describe.

This, in brief, is the story of the Titanic disaster, of which the incidents are still fresh in the memory. On April 14, 1912, the giant White Star liner sank near the "tail" of the Great Bank of Newfoundland with the loss of 1,500 lives. This was but one—albeit the greatest—of many marine casualties which, through the long years of trans-Atlantic travel, have been due to collision with icebergs in that danger zone.

Here, during four or five months of the year, floating icebergs have been a constant menace to the millions of people who have sailed or steamed across the North Atlantic highway. Scores of accidents are listed in the record. And there are other cases—"missing" vessels of which nothing was ever heard.

That icebergs are an ever present menace during the spring and early summer had long been known. The loss of the Titanic suddenly crystallized thought and led to action which should prevent any such disaster in the future.

The United States took the lead in establishing an Ice Patrol. Just one month after the Titanic disaster the United States Hydrographic Office recommended to the Navy Department that naval vessels should patrol the steamship lanes and warn passing ships of ice danger. The patrol was started in 1912, and a year later the United States Revenue Cutter Service (now the Coast Guard) took over the task.

An International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, meeting in London in 1914 and participated in by fourteen countries, agreed to maintain a continuous patrol of the area of the North Atlantic most endangered by ice during each ice season. This country was asked to undertake this service, each of the contracting nations agreeing to share the expense in proportion to its shipping tonnage.

AS a result, since 1914, with the exception of 1917 and 1918, the International Ice Patrol has been maintained by the United States Coast Guard. Since the establishment of the patrol there has been no serious accident resulting from collision with icebergs on the routes covered by this service.

To carry on the patrol the Coast Guard each year details two of its best equipped cut-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Will Prove to You that You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it; for this is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted at Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $150 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training, and you can do as well, or better.

Amazing Profits for Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy, for our products are in demand everywhere.

Your Profits Will Begin at Once

These records show you how our representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day That's the record of Alyse Leblanc of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya of New Mexico.

$13 Profit First Afternoon Jacob Myron of Connecticut started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$40 in 24 Hours was the result of the first work of B. Collander of Massachusetts.

We Furnish an Automobile

We offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $30 a day in cash.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay.

You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kerns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts, and dozens of others.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible.

So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 418, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills Pres.,
The American Products Co.,
Dept. 418, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name .....

Address .....

(Write Plainly)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

ters. During the last two seasons the Tampa and the Modoc, sister ships, have been assigned to this duty. These cutters are oil burners of 1,600 tons, and have a complement of nearly 100 officers and men.

From early March through June and into July, if necessary, these cutters have their base at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where they obtain fuel and supplies. They alternate in cruising in the ice zone, the period of duty being fifteen days.

Most of the icebergs which drift into the steamship lanes come from glaciers along the west coast of Greenland. These glaciers are fed from the great ice sheet which covers the interior of Greenland. Other icebergs come from the east coast of Greenland, and finally drift into the Labrador Current. Other bergs doubtless have their origin far to the north of Baffin's Bay, or even still farther north.

The ice conditions found by the Ice Patrol determine the trans-Atlantic steamship lanes. With the advent of iceberg danger in the late winter these lanes are shifted southward, and if the ice is unusually bad they are shifted even farther south than the usual spring and summer tracks. When the ice danger is over the lanes are again moved northward.

There are many misconceptions about icebergs and the work of the Ice Patrol. The size of icebergs in the danger zone is usually greatly overestimated. Reports of bergs said to be three hundred to four hundred feet high and a half mile long have been received by the Ice Patrol. During the last four years, of the two largest bergs observed one was two hundred and forty-eight feet above the water at its highest point and the other sixteen hundred and ninety feet from end to end.

THE patrol ship is the clearing house for all information about ice. All vessels passing through the danger zone send information of any ice sighted, as well as water temperatures and other data.

Besides the many individual messages sent to passing ships the patrol cutter sends out a broadcast twice a day giving full information regarding the position of all dangerous ice, and once a day a message is sent to Washington covering the entire situation.

The annals of the Ice Patrol are filled with dramatic incidents. There have been difficult and dangerous rescues of vessels caught in the ice pack south of Newfoundland and towed to safety.

Sick and injured men on board other vessels have been given much needed medical assistance. Disabled steamers have been helped.

To remove derelicts dangerous to navigation is another of the duties of the Coast Guard.

THE END

In the new HOTEL STATLER *at Buffalo* WILDROOT TAROLEUM *is favorite*

Chris. Miller, manager of the barber-shop in the new Hotel Statler at Buffalo, puts himself on record as follows:—

"If I could dictate to our customers what shampoo they should have, I would insist on their using Wildroot Taroleum, because it not only cleanses the scalp and hair but gives fresh life and vigor with its crude-oil base blended with pine-tar. And, as a matter of fact, most discriminating customers already insist upon it."

Taroleum will delight you. It is luxurious, and yet it is economical. A tablespoon is all that is required as a shampoo. And the large 6-oz. bottle costs only 50c. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

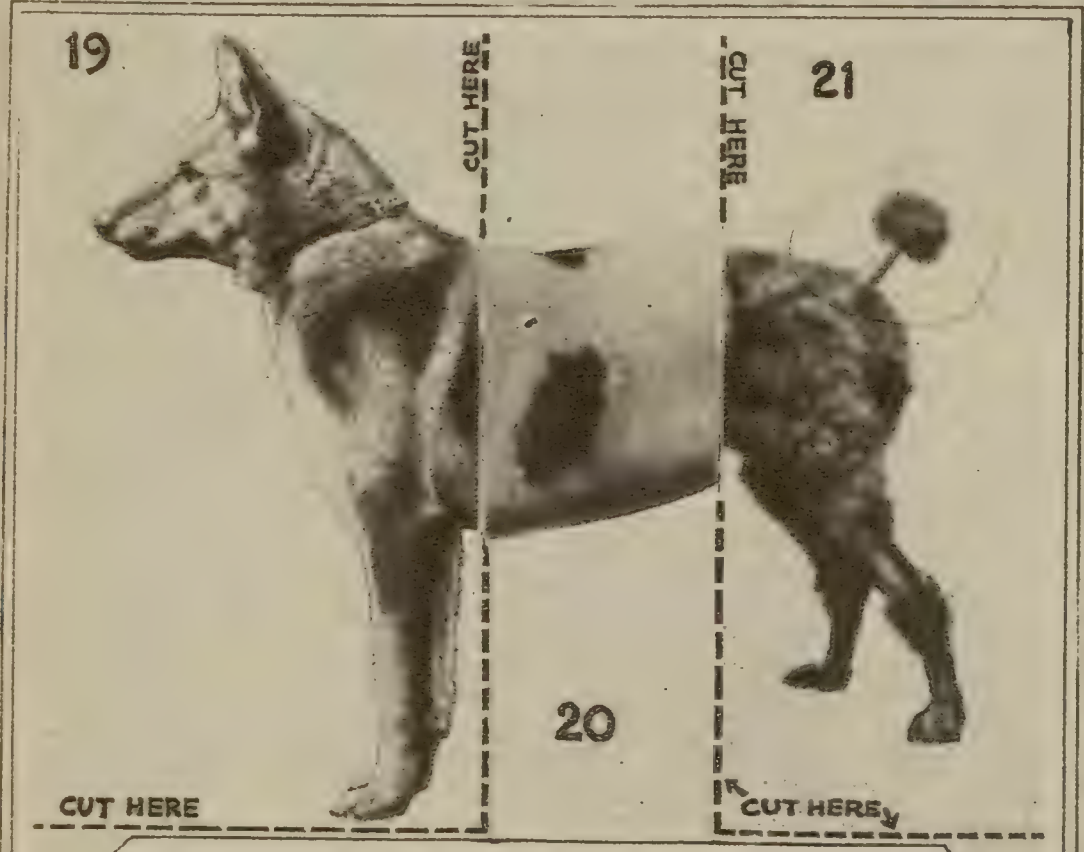
Ask your Barber or Druggist for a bottle

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

The wonderful new Crude-oil shampoo

Composite Dogs!

Can You Put Them Together Right?

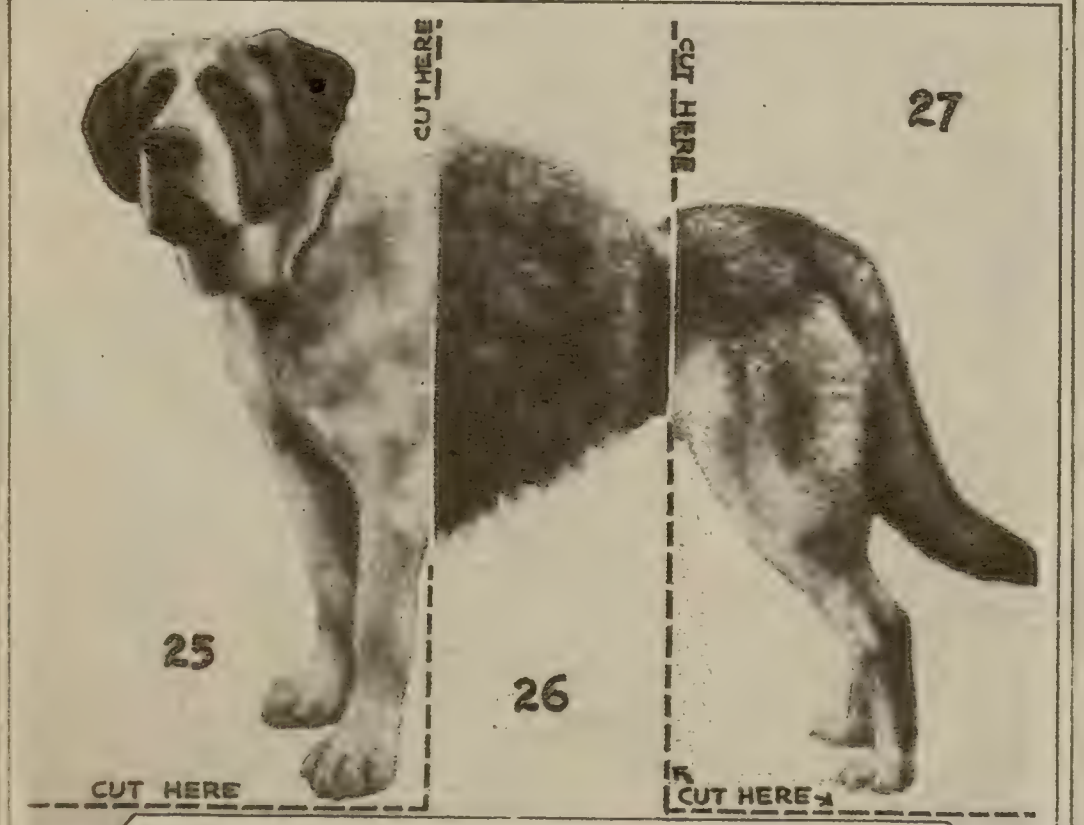


This is a ..... WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE Set No. 3

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite dog are of one trained to uphold the law. The midsection is of a dog named for a saint. The hind legs are those of a French dog.

This is a ..... WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE Set No. 3

THE HEAD and forelegs of this dog are of one, the first two letters of whose name spell that of a river in Italy. The midsection is of one noted for alertness. The hind legs are of a large dog famous for rugged faithfulness.



This is a ..... WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE Set No. 3

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite are of a dog famed for saving lives in the Alps. The midsection is of one which is partly shorn. The hind legs are those of a dog named after men who wear blue uniforms and carry clubs.

The Publishers of this Weekly Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

[RULES]

1. Every week, for 10 weeks, this Weekly will print three Composite Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. Each Composite will be composed of three parts of different dogs. The three Composites printed each week will, when cut apart and put together properly, make three complete pictures.

   The public is invited to cut out the pictures, assemble them and name the breeds of the dogs. 500 LIVE, PEDIGREED DOGS will be given to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest sets of the 30 pictures.

2. This contest is open to everybody—ANYWHERE—men, women, boys and girls—*except professional dog breeders or merchants and their families.* Employes of this Weekly and their families also are barred.

3. You pay nothing. You do no work. Just amuse yourself by proving your skill.

4. The Puzzle Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the breed or kind of dog.

5. In all, 30 Puzzle Pictures will be printed—3 each week for 10 weeks. Pictures are to be submitted in sets of 30 only. Hold all pictures until you have the complete set of 30. Then send them to "Puzzle Pictures," Post Office Box 1539, Chicago, Ill.

   In sending pictures be sure to attach your name and address. *Also state what breed of Dog you want and whether male or female, full-grown or puppy.*

   All pictures must be in by midnight 21 days after Set No. 10 is published.

6. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

7. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase this Weekly to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. This Weekly may be examined at the office of publication or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

Three More Puzzle Pictures Next Week.

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THE FIVE CRISES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

After the Honeymoon

Picture by F. VAUX WILSON

Sunday Golf, Gay Divorcees, Persian Cats, Beauty Sleep, Evolution, and Betting on the Races Are Revealed as Some of the Shoals on Which Matrimony May Wreck!

THE SECOND CRISIS

IF a dozen persons were asked at random what is the second really important crisis in a woman's life, few perhaps would select the period of readjustment which immediately follows the honeymoon, and yet there is probably no time in a married woman's career during which she is called upon to face graver or more baffling problems.

Because of years of habit she has grown accustomed to thinking about things, doing things, in a certain way. Her point of view has become fixed. Upon all the affairs of daily life, from comic strips to literature, politics or religion, she has acquired definite convictions.

And the same thing, of course, is true of the man. Having been accustomed to "the kind that mother made" for twenty or thirty years, it is not surprising that he should have definite prejudices in its favor.

After marriage all this is changed. Each now enters a new world of thoughts, of habits, of ideas—that of the other. Only fleeting glimpses of this new world are to be obtained before marriage. During the period of courtship, if tastes are found to differ, or ideas to clash, the fact is concealed, made light of.

Then comes the honeymoon, that exquisite interval of romance between the old order of things and the new. Not much chance for clashes of any sort during the honeymoon! All is, or should be, harmony.

But when it is over—when the affairs, the ties, the troubles of everyday life are once more taken up—when the two emerge from the realms of romance to form a new life together—to build a new home out of bricks, mental and material, which they have each brought from the old—it invariably happens that a great many of these bricks have to be discarded, because they will not fit.

John does not care much for bridge, perhaps, while Mary adores it. Mary is simply mad about cubist art, while John considers it a lot of bunk. John likes his beef or mutton rare, let us say, while Mary prefers hers well done.

Jack Spratt and his wife would be a happy combination if they would only respect each other's tastes and lick the platter clean. But this, as a rule, they will not do—at least not without a struggle.

If, now, the future of the two is to be a happy one—if, indeed, they are to have any future at all—readjustment must occur. Each will have to concede, to make sacrifices, compromises, in the matter of tastes, habits, pet theories, established ideas—even, it may be, of conscience itself. For the man may see nothing wrong in many things which the girl, because of her training, may consider very wrong indeed, or vice versa.

COUPLES otherwise happy have been known to approach the breaking point over such questions as Sunday golf, or evolution, or betting on the races.

It is astonishing the number of differences two otherwise normal persons can discover in their ways of thinking, of doing, once they begin to live together beneath the same roof.

To a large extent the crisis which follows the honeymoon is made up of trifles, but insistence upon trifles may, in the long run, prove more irritating, more provocative of serious trouble, than differences concerning the bigger things of life.

The writer once knew of a couple who quarreled and finally parted because of a perfectly senseless argument over a cat. The husband, through some curious mental complex—the result, perhaps, of a fright in infancy—hated cats with an intensity which amounted to positive loathing. When a friend presented one of the Persian variety to his wife, he insisted that the cat be sent back at once. His wife

"She Watched Her Husband with the Eyes of a Cat—"

Seeing grounds for divorce in his most innocent attentions to women who came to consult him.

objected, but, in spite of her objections, the husband had his way.

The breach thus made was never mended; it grew wider and wider, and the two finally ended their differences in the divorce courts.

Had the man in the case explained his aversion frankly, kindly, instead of giving orders—had the woman acquiesced, not because she was told to, but because she realized that such dislikes are usually the result of actual mental quirks, and not of unreasonable pettiness—the whole affair would have been utterly without importance. Instead, it was magnified into a tragedy.

And here we have the crux of the whole matter.

The thousand and one minor differences which begin to arise as soon as the honeymoon is ended should be settled at once, without delay.

In the final analysis, not marriage alone, but all life, is a matter of compromises.

Marriage being a human institution, it is far from perfect. Only the patience which comes from deep and sincere love can make it a possible institution. And that patience, that love, must exist on both sides. The sacrifices made must be shared equally, just as in government all citizens must equally obey the laws.

The husband who expects his wife to appear at the breakfast table at eight each morning, dainty and smiling, can scarcely insist on the right to stay out playing poker half the night before. She may, in the old life before marriage, have been in the habit of lying in bed until noon. He, in his bachelor days, may have spent six evenings out of the seven at his club.

It may be difficult for her to break the habit of years. It may be difficult for him. She may even say:

"I must have my beauty sleep, dear."

And he may say:

"A chap's got to keep up with his old friends."

Not only should the sacrifices made during the period of readjustment be equal—they should also be voluntary. The restrictions, the compromises, the mutual sacrifices which make up its unwritten law should be agreed to by both members of the domestic community. Otherwise they take on the nature of edicts, decrees, issued by one without the consent of the other, and usually incapable of being enforced.

The husband who says to his wife or the wife who says to her husband, "Thou shalt not!" is a fool.

AN extreme case of this sort recently came under the writer's observation. A young physician, just married, issued a stern command to his wife never to open his personal letters. His reason was a good one—communications between doctor and patient are sacred—but this he foolishly did not explain. His stern edict both hurt her and made her inordinately jealous.

Every letter that came to the house addressed in a feminine handwriting aroused her suspicions; she began to watch her husband with the eyes of a cat, seeing grounds for divorce in his most innocent attentions to the women who came to consult him.

Matters finally became so serious that an open rupture over nothing was imminent, and was obviated only by a complete nervous breakdown on the wife's part, resulting in her being bundled off to a sanitarium. Here the cause of the trouble was learned, and was at last explained to her satisfaction; but the case demonstrates admirably the folly of such husbandly—or wifely—"commands."

No restrictions of liberty in domestic life should ever be forced; they should always be voluntary, the result of an inner desire to serve, to make the union a happy one.

And, above all, never nag.

Another article, in which Mr. Kummer will describe the third of "The Five Crises in a Woman's Life," will appear in this magazine in the near future.

FLYERS OF FOUR NATIONS PIT THEIR PLANES

HOPPING OFF—Lieut. Leigh Wade, American flyer, skims his world cruiser over the water with the aid of pontoons. International Photo

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IN WORLD AIR RACES

American and British Airmen in Attempt to Girdle Globe; France and Portugal Make Far Eastern Flights

FRANCE'S AIR ENVOY TO TOKIO. Lieut. Pelletier Doisy, who is flying to Japan. Portuguese aviators also are making a Far East flight.

MAJOR FREDERICK L. MARTIN of the United States Army Air Service, who led off in Uncle Sam's adventurous air cruise around the world.

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THEY'RE OUT TO BEAT U. S. FLYERS. The crew of the British 'round the world airplane, which is racing America's flyers. Left to right: Squadron Leader Stuart MacLaren, Pilot J. Plenderleigh, and Mechanic Andrews. They've had one accident so far.

P. & A. Photo

The Man Killer and the Lion

Enact a Drama of Retribution

The King of Straw

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Pictures by J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

A TALL man, bearded, shoulders bent, with long arms in ancient, shrunken coat sleeves, tattered hat pulled tight in but poor concealment of his gray, tousled hair, stood in the doorway of his careening, sod roofed cabin, staring at the dawn, ten thousand feet above sea level. After a few minutes he shifted his rifle and continued to stare far into the reaches of the timber country, like a man watching for a wraith in which he did not believe.

Down in the mountain village of Central City they called him the King of Strawberry Flats. They had given him the country — through his simple possession of it, and because no one else wanted it. They had dubbed him "King" because he reigned there supreme—in a land where there were no subjects, where the snow lay summer long in the stretches of the pines, where the strawberries bloomed in solid vistas of white, only to wither and die with the swift descent of frost. He had been there for years; no one even cared why.

And now he stood at the door of his ramshackle cabin, high powered rifle gripped tightly in a lean hand, gray eyes tired, searching into the high places. He had been awake most of the night—ever since the first sound had come to him from up in the timber; agonized, a roaring, stricken message which had jerked him to consciousness, and held him tense.

WITH the first streak of daylight it had sounded once more — now, unbelieving, shaken with the nervousness of a man afraid to trust his own conclusions, he was starting on the trail of a thing in which he did not, could not believe.

With the swinging pace of the mountaineer, worming his way through the willows at Mad Creek, he moved hurriedly up the course of the stream, to cross it at last, then to clamber on toward the timber.

Fifty feet within the timber he halted, with gun suddenly half raised in his clenched hand. There in a patch of snow was the print of a great paw, and the red of new-sprung blood.

The King of Strawberry Flats crouched. His actions took on an animal stealth—a tree, a quick swerve into the open, then the refuge of a tree again and a halt to reconnoiter. On farther and another print. A halt—the rifle higher, nearer to his shoulder—a torn spot in the thick layers of the pine needles—long moments in which he stood waiting, listening —another sally.

Then an instinctive, almost convulsive movement, as the rifle butt jammed hard against a shoulder and a gray eye covered the sights. Fifty feet before him crouched a tawny thing, impossible in this wilderness. A beast which could exist only behind the bars of a gold-fretted cage—yet there it was: spear-tipped tail curling, heavy Nubian mane surmounting its neck, paws moving fretfully, wrinkled skin furling.

It was this which caused the trigger finger to relax, the gun to be lowered slowly to a less threatening position. Those tight-drawn lips revealed no teeth; the hiss—to something far back, almost forgotten in the man's brain— seemed more of surprise than threat. A moment he waited—for the first move of attack. But the big lion remained crouched, the blood from its torn paws staining the snow-drift, its eyes dull with fatigue and pain; finally the tight-drawn lips loosened and dropped over the toothless jaws. The great, majestic head moved slowly; there came a resemblance of a whine. The gun-hand of the man went lower; for a long time he merely stood, watching through narrowed eyes. Then suddenly, as though by impulse, he took a step closer.

"SAHIB!" he called. The lion only stared at him. "Monarch! Duke! Emperor!" It brought no echo, except the nervous lashing of the whip-like tail. Once more the voice of the hunter: "King! Major!"

Still no response—no token of memory. But likewise there showed no enmity, no fear, no fidgeting threat of attack. The old man raised a hand to his grizzled chin and rubbed in nervous reflection.

"He ain't settling"—came with a mumble—"they always settle—and set their haunches."

Again he took a step of approach. Once more he called, his voice lower, with confidence:

"Prince! Durbar! Colonel! Rajah!"

Then the rifle arm relaxed.

"Always the same old names," came in monotone. "Rajah!"

The lion hissed—as it had hissed in answe

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COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Tells an Absorbing Short Story of a

Fugitive's Remorse

berry Flats

to the sound of its first recognizable command. Again that thin hand rubbed at a bearded chin, as though to summon memories long departed. At last a barking command, kindly, yet with the insistence of superiority:

"Rajah! Seats, sir! Seats!"

The hiss of understanding. A slow turning of the body; a crawling, uncertain movement as the great beast stared about him, then, apparently bewildered, settled once more, looking with blurred eyes toward the waiting man. The King of Strawberry Flats nodded.

"Looked for his pedestal," came in the same monotone. "Tame as a house cat. Funny—how they'll run away. From the only thing they know. From some show clear down in the flat country. Wonder he didn't die—getting up here. Pneumonia—lions get pneumonia awful easy." It was as though he were repeating the text of an ancient lesson. "They've probably given him up by now. Rajah!"

That night a dim light burned in the "palace" of the King. It was midnight; a tall, angular man sat slouched beside a tawny, swaddled thing in a corner, at last to move to the replenishing of a poultice, to potter about at the little sheet-iron stove as he heated cloths and mustard—then suddenly to halt, head half turned, with the wondering knowledge that he had been humming the refrain of ancient march music, forgotten for years. A twinge, as of pain, crossed his bearded features. The eyes suddenly grew old, the face haggard.

"We can't have this!" came dully. Then, silent, he returned to his work of succor.

Two weeks later an exploring hunter passed the cabin

Fifty feet before him crouched a tawny thing, impossible in this wilderness

of the King of Strawberry Flats, gaped in fright, then hurried on down to the village to tell a new story of the vagrant who ruled, no longer alone, ten thousand feet above sea level. But the King did not know.

THE old man only realized that his life had come to be a thing of torturing complexities, of times when he and a tame, good-natured, toothless old lion, now recovered from the threatened effects of its exposure, would roam the hills like a man and his dog; of other moments when the shadows gathered in the evening and strange things rose to haunt him, things to which his brain reverted against his every struggle of will, pictures which bade him look upon them in fascinated recollection, only to blur with the realization of that to which they led and to send him striding into the night, pacing the lonely flats in frenzied, vain efforts to forget.

There were times when he would sit with the beast before him, like a man welcoming an old friend, asking questions, as though this dumb animal could answer—queries about bygone days and bygone times, of persons, of things.

"And the Waldron show? Is it still out? Old Ben Waldron, you know? Hard fellow that—knew every trick in the racket. Uncle Ben they used to call him; but I guess he's dead now."

Weeks and a month passed. They hunted together, the lion trailing him like some great shaggy dog. The thin cheeks of the man grew more haggard, the eyes more cavernous, and the periods more frequent when he would rail in agonized anger, arms aloft, hands clutching:

"That's right! Follow me—follow me and torture me! Haven't I paid enough in all these years up here without you? What did you come for, bringing up these ghosts?"

Thus the spring traveled into the summer and to a day sultry in its still heat on the expanses of Strawberry Flats, sheltered as they were by the higher hills about. The wind soughed through the pines at timber line, mingling with the turbulent noise of the waterfall to form strange combinations of sounds to the tortured ears of a man who heard in spite of himself. The tumbling waters of Mad Creek sang to him; he heard familiar strains in the calls of the birds; the balminess of the air brought to him pictures of dusty lots; the roar of the pines changed into the bellow and blatter of places strangely apart from this land of loneliness.

SUDDENLY he whirled like a maddened thing, his rifle half raised, trigger finger itching for the pressure, to face the stumbling brute behind him, waiting patiently—for food from his master's hand.

"I ain't going to stand it any longer. It's you or me—we can't go on this way, I tell you! We can't——"

But the lion only came closer, fawning before its master. The rifle went slowly downward. The lips moved—mere mouthings for the moment. Then, in a mumble:

"It ain't your fault, Rajah. You didn't have anything to do with it. You've got a right to live—it ain't your fault."

At dusk the King of Strawberry Flats, silent, stooped, threw halter ropes upon two of his pack jacks when they came into the rickety corral for the night. He brought out the dusty pack saddles and strengthened their time worn straps and cinches. Then, while the night birds cried, he worked in the pale gleam of the lantern at the fashioning of a heavy crate of rough hewn spruce, its corners fastened with wooden pegs and lashed with willow bark.

At dawn, the eyes of the burros blinded by sackcloth that they might not revolt against the thing they were to carry, the King of Strawberry Flats backed his pack animals to a shrouded cage which stood on the log doorstep of his cabin, and by great twisting and leverage, fastened it between them.

Slowly he closed the door of his ramshackle place, glanced about him, at the tumbling stream below, the waterfall above, at the fringes of the pines—then silently, grimly, took his position at the head of his pack animals and led the way along the trail toward civilization.

They gathered about him when at last he reached the village, there to stop his strange

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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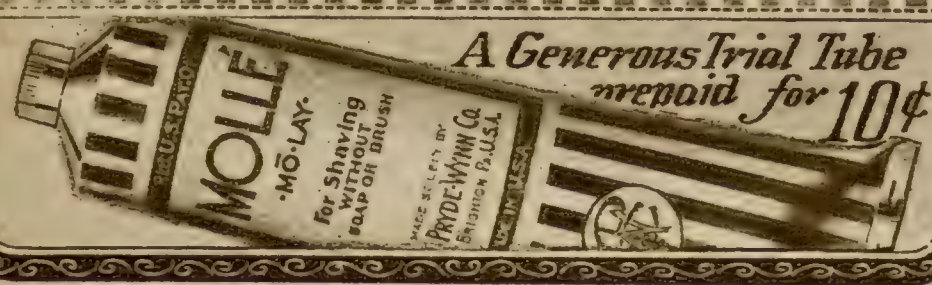

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

caravan before the little building used as a city hall. Once or twice the city clerk had halted at the old man's mountain place in his fishing trips for a moment of banter or the offer of a smoke. Now the old man turned to him as to a solitary friend.

"You've got that empty cage in the park. Where the bear was before it died. There ain't anything in it now?"

"Nothing but room. Why? Got a donation for the town?"

"I'm"—a lean hand brushed at tired eyes—"I'm going away. I've got that lion—guess you've heard about it. I'd kind of like a home for it—it'll be yours if I don't come back."

"A lion?" Then the city clerk smiled. "Yes—I know. I've heard about it."

HALF an hour later the automobile stage from Steamboat Springs rushed into the village, city bound, halted for gasoline and oil, then took on an awkward, gaunt passenger, who approached the machine with something of fear and with more of determination—and who remained silent and grim throughout the two hour journey to town.

There, a confused, wandering relic in a hurly burly of thronging persons, of shrieking whistles and bellowing motor horns, the King of Strawberry Flats asked his questions and followed blindly the directions given him, only to become lost, to ask anew and once more travel on.

Block after block, each with its terror at the crossings, its sallies and retreats, and at last the journey ended before an arched sign. He glanced about once more—then, a step at a time, he went down the worn stone stairway to a big room, to a desk with a man in blue behind it—and to his Gethsemane.

"I guess you'll know about me," he said when the desk sergeant at last looked up; "I'm wanted—for murder."

"So?" The officer took it calmly. Strange requests—or announcements—were to him neither exciting nor unusual. "What's your name, and when did you pull the job?"

The King of Strawberry Flats hesitated. The Adam's apple of his lean neck bobbed once or twice—sole outer evidence of the turmoil that seethed within. At last:

"Archer. That's my real name. Edward W. Archer. I killed a man in Wheeling, West Virginia. Thirty-eight years ago. In a circus fight."

"O!" The sergeant raised an eyebrow in command, and a detective, listless until now, moved in unconcerned fashion to a position of vantage. "O! So you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't tell me you never had a chance!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

killed a man in Wheeling? Thirty-eight years ago, you say. Little late coming in about it, ain't you?"

"Yes." The fingers of a lean hand began to drum slowly on the desk. "I tried to hide out—ran away. But it followed me up."

"That's a bad habit murder's got. Wouldn't let you alone, huh. You ain't the first one. How'd you bump the guy off?"

Again those lean fingers tapping on the desk.

"As—as I said. A circus fight. I was a gambler—on the Waldron Circus. A thief, if you want the truth. I'm younger than I look—worrying about it, I guess. I've lived alone since it happened. I wasn't much more than a boy——"

"That's usually a good stall. How old?"

"Twenty. I'd run away to join the circus four years before. Worked on animals; assistant to the trainer. Then I got in debt—had to make more money than I was getting. They didn't pay much."

"Guess that's right. So they put you to grifting, huh? Doin' what—shortchanging?"

"No. Three card monte. My hands always have been thin this way. I could do some pretty good tricks with cards. I'd just learned it in fun. But I was always afraid in there——"

"On the grift, you mean?"

"Yes. Maybe because I knew I was doing wrong. Always afraid I was going to get caught. So I carried a gun."

"That's usually a fool stunt."

The King of Strawberry Flats nodded. Again the lump in his throat worked up and down, up and down.

"Yes—I know. I've thought about it since. Anyway——"

"You pulled the gat and knocked off somebody. Shot him—is that it?"

The lean fingers ceased their tapping, to raise slowly, and to pass before dull eyes.

"You see, he caught me. That day in Wheeling there'd been a lot of quarrels. We'd robbed a man down to his last ten dollars. When he lost that he called me a cheat. And jumped at me. The gun was in my hand before I realized it—I pulled the trigger and he fell. Then I saw the blood spurt from a hole in his forehead; people crowded around. A doctor came from somewhere. I heard him call out that the man was dead. I mingled with the crowd—then, when the chance came, ran under the sidewall and got down to the railroad yards. It was night. Once the police came through the yards searching for me. I could hear them talking. I hid under a car. Then, when they were gone, I beat my way out of town on a freight train—and kept traveling west. I've been up in the hills ever since."

"And now you've come down to 'fess up and take your gaff? That it?"

The gray tousled head nodded.

"Yes—that's it."

"Kind of tough, at that"; the desk sergeant scribbled in vague fashion on a scrap of paper—"all this time you've hid out won't help you much. There ain't any statutory limit on murder."

"Yes. I know," replied the old man.

After a pause the sergeant said:

"Guess you'd better put him in the stir, Ed, until I can take it up with the chief and wire back to Wheeling. There wouldn't be any record here."

"No—not with a case that old. Come along, Grandpap."

THE old man followed in a daze, and submitted to search and gave his name again in answer to the questioning of the jailer, then dumbly accompanied the officer down the corridor to a cell. There he merely sat and stared, or drowsed and awakened that he might stare again, eyes peering toward the bars, eyes which took no notice of passing figures as night came on and the life of the bullpen surged with the pickups of the street, or cell doors clanged with the announcements of important arrests. There was nothing to see, save that which lived in years gone by; nothing to look for, nothing to notice.

Thus a night went by, and the day and the night which followed. Then the cell door opened. Ed, the detective, was waiting—to nod, to lead him beyond the steel barred enclosure of the jailer's room and to the office of the chief.

"Your name's Archer?" The chief had tossed a long telegram to his desk.

"Yes, sir."

"We've just gotten a wire from Wheeling."

"Yes, sir."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I've come back! I've gotten my deliverance and I'm going to celebrate!"

"When he lost that he called me a cheat. And jumped at me."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Silence for a moment. At last:

"I'm afraid we can't cause you much trouble, Archer. Wheeling says there's no charge against you."

"No charge?" The old man raised in his chair, with white hands grasping tight at its sides. "You say there's no charge? But I killed him—they've——" The chief smiled.

"You thought you killed him," came quietly. "So did the doctor that first examined him, apparently. Fellow's name was Mason. Just hurt—knocked unconscious from a fractured skull—not killed. Fact is, he got over it and lived until about three years ago. So there you are. You're free."

A tottering King rose from his chair and walked aimlessly around the room.

"That's it, then—I didn't kill him? I'm free—no charge against me? Not a murderer, then?" He turned and gaped at the chief. "I'm all right—there's nothing against me?"

"Nothing except attempt to kill with a deadly weapon and nobody to prosecute and not enough interest in the thing to send anybody here to get you—if that's what you

"Then I can go? Nobody to bother me?" Thin, nervous fingers tapped at a trembling lip. "I—can be just like anybody else?"

"Do what you please." The chief raised the telegram, studied it again, then tossed it once more to the desk. "Can't prosecute a man if there isn't a charge against him. We don't want you."

ED, the detective, walked beside the old man, young arm in old arm, back to the jail room, and to the process of checking out. With a shrug of the shoulders he relieved the trembling hands of their duties, tucking into the King's worn pockets the few possessions which they had taken from him: his knife, a torn handkerchief, the black purse with its dozen or so gold pieces, fruit of years of hoarding. Then he led him forth to assist him over the crossings and along the side streets to the office of the Intermountain stage.

"Brace up, Grandpap!" the detective said jovially as he waved a hand in farewell. "You're all right. Get it out of your mind—nobody's after you."

But the King of Strawberry Flats only gripped the side of the automobile and stared. Then, slowly, as if feeling his senses, he began to look about him, stealing a glance now and then at the rushing pines beside the roadway, hesitant lest it all be untrue—unreal. At last the stage driver, with something of surprise, bent his head at the sound of a voice beside him:

"The hills weren't ever prettier than they are now."

"That's about right. Nice season of the year this."

Silence for a long time. Then:

"I'm going to kind of mix with folks now. Ain't ever had the chance before."

"No?" It was all impersonal to the driver. "Haven't had much time, eh?"

"Yes, I've had the time. But that wasn't it. I—but I'm going to mix with 'em more now. Lots of folks thought I was a hermit."

"So? Well, that's the way it goes. Huh—guess I'd better tend to business. Bad stretch of road here."

AFTER all, he was paid to drive, not to listen to the garrulities of an old man. The miles streamed on. Gradually the gaunt figure became less tense. Now the shaggy head was thrown back and swinging with the rhythm of long forgotten songs—songs in which the singing was a thing of spirit and of joy. Mile after mile—happy miles, glorious miles—then Central City.

Through the streets and stores of town he carried his invitation; an old man, suddenly young, laughing childishly—with the tears ever near the surface—spreading the word up street and down, as he impoverished himself by his purchases and gave his message to Central City, to all the world that cared to hear:

"I've come back! I've gotten my deliverance! I can be folks now! You've called me the King of Strawberry Flats, ain't you? O," and he laughed with all the joy that a human can know, "I've heard you—talking behind my back. But that doesn't bother me now; that's all right, that is. I ain't like I used to be, you know. I've always thought I was a murderer. But I ain't. So I don't care what folks say now. And I'm going to celebrate!"

"Celebrate?" they asked, and winked, one to the other.

"Yep! Day after tomorrow. Me and my lion. The King and his court. Get that? Up there in the hills, at Strawberry Flats. Just you come up—all of you. Early as you want to, and stay as long as you like. That's what I'm buying all this truck for. I've got a two-year-old up there—just right to be barbecued. Turned him out, but I'll find him. And have him butchered and roasted in fine shape by day after tomorrow."

"Regular feast, huh?" There was always some one to interject a leading comment.

"Yes. I'd have it sooner—only I can't get it ready before that. A beef's always got to hang twelve hours, you know. Then there's the pit and everything. But it'll all be ready bright and early day after tomorrow. And I'll be watching for you—me and old Rajah."

Campbell photo

SAMUEL MERWIN

One of the most gifted of American authors, has written for us a mighty bright yarn with a brand new plot—all about some smart young people in a country club amateur play—that we're printing in the May 24th number. Be sure not to miss it—it's

"THE BABY SPOT"

THAT night a bonfire gleamed on the space before the "palace" of the King. Stretched from the parting branches of a dead pine hung a newly slaughtered beef, cooling in the simple process of the crisp mountain night; in the shadows lay a great toothless cat, growling in delight at a pan of bovine blood. An hour of song, of joyous silliness, which the lion, deep in gluttony, neither heard nor heeded. Then a command from the King:

"Here! Can't have this—foolin' around and wasting half the night. Got to get to bed, Rajah. We're just packed with work tomorrow!"

A new day came with its incessant labors. There were so many things to do—the digging of the pit, the unbundling of the heavy sacks of rolls and candy and apples and what-not which had been lugged upward upon the backs of the already overburdened jacks; the hewing of standards, the fashioning of the spit—but the hands which sought the tasks were willing hands.

Night—but still the labors continued, the lion dozing in the heat of the barbecue fire. Dawn, and with it the heat-crusted body of a young steer, turning slowly above the even coals; a man rubbing at tired, smoke-red eyes. Sunrise—and a new frenzy of activity as a happy, bearded man leaped to the assembling of a half hundred details, forgotten until now. Deep morning—and he halted, as he had halted a dozen times before, to stare down the trail toward town.

"They ought to be coming along now, Rajah. I'll have to keep a good watch-out—you can't run around loose when they get here. They don't know you like I do; somebody might be 'fraid."

But an hour passed, and another. The lion roamed in freedom. Nobody had appeared on the up-trail; the steer still hung unbutchered on the spit. Slowly the King of Strawberry Flats made his way to the nearest height and stood looking for a long moment below.

"Funny somebody ain't on the trail," he mused. "Still, they might be just around the bend—you can't see more'n a short quarter from here."

ANOTHER hour. The sun soared higher and afternoon came, but still the trail showed bare; the vast expanse of Strawberry Flats echoed to the tread of no guest. Again the King made his journey, to stare, to wait, and to muse in wonderment.

"There couldn't have been any mistake about it. Surely they understood me that I said to come today. Maybe they all thought it'd be better to wait and come together, along later in the afternoon. When more of 'em can get away. That must be it."

But the afternoon deepened in loneliness. On the doorstep of the cabin a tired old man drowsed and straightened, drowsed and straightened, alert for any hopeful sound or sign; but the trail below was bare.

Sunset. A growl, and old Rajah raised in stiffened surprise from his place beside the almost dead barbecue fire. On the doorstep the old man rubbed hastily at his eyes, straightened the tattered hat which had slanted itself over his forehead, and came to his feet. Some one had called from the shelter of spruces, a hundred yards from the cabin.

"Hey! Watch that varmint, will you? Where's——"

"He's all right! Don't mind him; he's all right!" The King of Strawberry Flats grasped his toothless companion by his shaggy mane and hurried him within the cabin. "Don't you mind him now. He can't get out of there. Where are the rest of the folks?"

"What's that?" A form showed at the edge of the timber, booted, a pack on his back. "Say, you're the fellow they call the King of Strawberry Flats, ain't you?"

"Yes. Of course. Been waitin' here all day. Come on up and——"

"Can't. In a hurry. They said you could show me the pass to Ute Forks."

Still eager, still with the one thought in his mind, the King went toward the man at the timber. A lean hand pointed out a trail which wound in and out, a film-sprayed ribbon, beneath the waterfall.

"Always like to look at that myself," he said, then suddenly caught at the form as it turned away. "Why, you ain't——"

"Sure. Got to be on time for work in the morning. Going over to the mines. They told me in town you'd point out the pass."

"O! Then you did come from town. I was afraid for a minute—were they getting ready to leave down there?"

"For where?"

"Why, for up here—up to my barbecue. They all said they were coming. I invited them."

"O!" The miner surveyed the bearded being before him curiously, appraisingly. "That's right," he said. "I heard 'em talking about it." Then "Hell, no. You didn't really expect 'em?"

"Expect them? Why, of course! I invited them! I worked all night on it. There it is—the steer cooked, the biscuits waiting. You

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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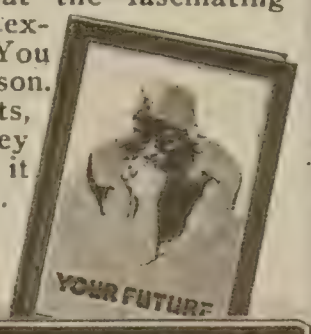

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

must not have understood. They all promised. I've fixed up enough for the whole town. Come on!" He paused with a happy thought. "I'll make you a sandwich and——"

BUT the man shook his head. There had come an expression of anxiety, something of fear, memories hurrying to him of the weird stories they told about this strange being at the foot of Ute Fork Pass.

"No. No, thanks. I'm in a hurry. Night coming on, you know." He moved impulsively toward the timber line trail, to tread the upward path for a short distance, then suddenly to halt. He scraped a boot on the rocky soil, a crude sense of pity fighting through the armor of his churlishness.

"About them people from town," he called. "I wouldn't wait up for 'em. You know how town folks are. Probably thought you were just raving to hear yourself talk. Funny notions they get sometimes."

Then he faded, upward, upward, while behind him a man stood taut and straight for an instant—before his shoulders sagged.

"O!" He said it to himself—to the white blooms of the strawberries, to the great expanse of his weary, lonely kingdom. "Funny notions they get sometimes!"

He turned slowly. Dragging steps. At last he was crouched again on the door sill, head deep between his shoulders, dangling arms listless over gaunt, sprawled knees. The shadows deepened. Behind him a lion scratched on the heavy door for freedom. A lank arm raised, pushed open a way for him, then dropped again. With slow, stiffened steps the old lion came forth, hissed in friendly fashion, and settled at his feet.

The sun departed. The purples grew deeper on the high drifts, to melt into gray and then dissolve in blueness. By and by the stars came out. High above the wind whined through the pines at timber line, carrying from far away the faint yapping of a vagrant coyote. The form on the door sill straightened slightly; a hand went outward, to fumble, then in slow, methodical fashion, to pat at the greasy mane of his tawny pet.

"Well, Rajah"—it was half mumble, half whisper—"we got along before, you and me. I guess——"

He said the rest of the sentence silently. Above, in the pines, the wind grew stronger, more dolorous. In the great pit, beneath the shadowy form of an uncarved steer, the last of the embers flared for an instant, glaring like some angry eye upon an old, bent man. Then, slowly, its brilliance faded, dimmer, dimmer—— Strawberry Flats lay in darkness.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address "Bright Sayings" Editor, Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, Chicago.

IT WAS SELF-EVIDENT

Small Robert was scrubbing the front porch of his home when a visitor called.

"Is your mother in?" inquired the caller.

"Do you think I'd be scrubbing this porch if she wasn't?" replied Robert.—J. C. K., Chicago.

* * *

HIS BITTER PILL

Lawrence, seven years old, sang his first little song at the concert. He was encored. His teacher called him back and told him to "sing it again." He sang one line, then began to cry. "I thought I sang it all right the first time," he wailed.—G. M. M., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

THE WILES OF DIPLOMACY

Robert tried hard to find some excuse so he wouldn't have to go to school. Finally he said, "Mamma, I can't go to school with this sprained wrist."

Mother—Nonsense! It's your left hand. Why can't you go?

Robert—Too many kids owe me a licking, mother.—E. K., Prophetstown, Ill.

* * *

LEAPING TO CONCLUSIONS

Little George, out walking with his Aunt, seemed greatly interested in a drug store window. Suddenly he darted in and asked the clerk if the store had girl babies to sell.

"Why?" asked the clerk.

And George said, "Because there's nursing bottles in the window, and I thought you'd have babies to go with them."—A. L. R., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

GIVING THE SNAP AWAY

My small son had received an invitation to his playmate's birthday party. The date slipped my mind and I forgot to purchase a gift. After looking over some of Sonny's unused Christmas gifts, I found a pretty Windsor tie that he couldn't wear until he was a little older—so I decided to let Sonny present this to his boy chum.

I accompanied him to the scene of the party—and just as we entered the door Sonny piped out:

"Bobby, here's a necktie for you—it was too big for me!"—Mrs. B. C., Urbana, O.

* * *

PASSING THE BUCK

Ethel was admonished by her mother to keep her new white dress clean. "And don't play with the kitty, because she has been in the coal bin."

Fifteen minutes later mother came upon Ethel sitting on the floor holding kitty on her lap.

Exasperated, she said, "Now, what did I tell you about playing with that kitty? Look, your dress is all dirty."

Ethel looked up with an expression of aggrieved innocence and said, "Ain't my fault, muvver; I jes' c'meered to the kitty, an' the kitty c'meered."—R. N. W., Chicago.

ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," etc., etc.

"Ah, there is the true spirit of youth."

Easily the most amusing novel of the year—with a chuckle in every paragraph.

PERSONS IN THE STORY

Romeo Egerton, age 23, tall, athletic, sandy hair, horn rimmed spectacles. Just out of college and acting temporarily as tutor to the two sons of *Mr. Oglethorpe*. He is timid as a mouse in daylight, but brave as a lion in the moonlight. Vocation: being in love with *Eulora*.

Eulora Oglethorpe, age 19, big gray eyes, mop of blonde hair, petite, efficient, self-reliant; heiress to Oglethorpe millions. Vocation: being in love with *Romeo*.

Oswald Oglethorpe, millionaire business man of Philadelphia, with summer home at Upper Slate Bend, Vermont. Age 47, heavily built. Principal vocation: being *Eulora's* father.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

Egerton and *Mr. Oglethorpe* having quarreled over the former's desire to marry Eulora, and, having mutually repudiated each other as possible father-in-law and son-in-law, *Romeo* is persuaded by *Eulora* to elope. They plan to meet at Blackville Junction, a town not far from Upper Slate Bend, but at the last minute he receives a letter postponing the elopement until after her birthday, when she is to receive a new runabout. Hurt at being made second to an automobile, *Romeo* decides to put *Eulora* out of his life forever. He sleeps that night on a baggage truck, and wakes next morning to hear a lively argument between two strangers.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

THE argument between the two strangers was still going on outside the shed. It had by this time developed into a rousing duet, the younger man having introduced a persistent and unbroken bass, above which the penetrating tenor of his companion seemed to be barking an impatient obbligato.

"The worm has turned," Romeo mused as he turned to gather up his belongings. His hat sat high and precise upon his unkempt thatch as he swung down to the cinder strewn ground and pulled his suitcase after him. He had stuffed the toilet articles into his coat pocket; the crash towel hung over his left arm after the fashion of a waiter's napkin.

"The first thing," thought he, looking up and down the yards, "is to scrub up a bit, but, Lord, where am I to find water in this God forsaken desert? If there was a creek——"

His ear caught the alluring sound of splashing water, and an instant later his eye fell upon a huge water tank a couple of hundred feet up the track. From its foreshortened spout high in the air a fairly copious stream poured to the ground some twenty feet below. A beautiful idea began to form in Romeo's mind.

"Good morning," he said, pleasantly, as he passed within a yard or two of the strangers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Riding on the Rim of the World

Twelve hundred feet down—sheer. Two miles across. A shouting sun in a high blue-glorious sky. Peak and lake and ten square miles of ice-field on the other side of the valley, up level with your eyes—not twenty men have explored it. And Takakkaw, the spun-silver waterfall, swung like a ravelled comet from the glacier to the valley floor . . .

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Canadian Pacific *It Spans the World*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

"Good morning," echoed the pair, promptly, but by no means as pleasantly.

He was half a dozen paces beyond them when he stopped and turned to inquire:

"Seen any women about here?"

"That's a funny question," said the younger man, surlily.

"I know it is," said Romeo, affably. "Sounds as if I might have lost a few, doesn't it? But I haven't. I simply want to know if it's safe to take a shower over there at that tank."

The older man regained his volubility. "If there is a woman within a mile of this place, my young friend, she is hiding and she has had her fingers in her ears for the last ten minutes. The blasphemy that has flowed from the lips of——"

"Aw, cut that out," growled the younger man. "Go ahead and take your shower," he said to Romeo, a half grin on his lips. "I'll shoo 'em off if they come within shooing distance. Suppose some one sneaks up and swipes your clothes?"

Romeo deposited his suitcase on the ground. Stooping over, he picked up a stone the size of a tennis ball.

"See that placard tacked on that telegraph pole over there?" he said, indicating an object about eighty feet away. "Well, watch this."

He drew back his long right arm and let fly with the stone. It went on a bee-line no higher than a man's head and with convincing swiftness straight to the mark.

"HOLY mackerel!" exclaimed the young man as the stone struck the placard squarely and caromed off viciously across the tracks.

"I was the second best second baseman from my sophomore to my senior year," said Romeo, calmly. "I intend to take three good sized rocks into the bath with me, and if anybody tries to steal my clothes he'll have to do the hundred yard dash in one second flat."

"I believe you," said the other, sourly.

"If you'll just keep your eye peeled and shout if—er—anybody looms up in the distance I'll be awfully obliged to you," said Romeo.

"Right-o," said the other. "Hold on a second," he called out on second thought. "This little shrimp here, whose name is Craig and who is my uncle, may undertake to lick me, so for a second or two I may not be able to watch as carefully as——"

"I have no intention of thrashing you, confound you," barked the little man. "I am only trying to reason with you." He turned to Romeo. "He will not listen to reason. I've been at him since nine o'clock last night and—and what good has it done me? Not a bit! He is a confounded blockhead. He——"

"Gentlemen," began Romeo in his most pacific manner, "I don't know what you are quarreling about, but if you have been at it since nine o'clock last night it seems to me I would call it a full day and——"

"Nobody has asked you to butt in, Priscilla," broke in the younger man, in a most offensive manner. He was looking at Romeo's straw hat. "'Where did you get that hat?'" he sang raucously.

A bright pinkish hue began to rise from Romeo's neck to his cheek.

"What was that you called me?" he inquired.

"Priscilla. Prissy for short. Now, you get the hell out of here. Beat it! And if I see you picking up any rocks as you shuffle along I'll—well, that's all. And I take back what I said about keeping a lookout for you while you're having your *bawth*."

"Just as you please," said Romeo, picking up his suitcase. Turning to Craig with a politely deferential air, he went on: "Perhaps you wouldn't mind keeping watch for me, sir. I sha'n't be long."

The old man started. "I? Impossible. I—er—really, I shall be watching Ferdinand so closely that I——"

"Who?"

"Ferdinand. This obstreperous young——"

"Here!" broke in Ferdinand, advancing a step or two toward Romeo, a menacing look in his rather prominent eyes. "You beat it, now. I don't want to have to tell you again."

Romeo fixed his gaze calculatingly on a pasty, bloated face.

"It will not be necessary for you to watch Ferdinand, Mr. Craig," said he, addressing the old man.

"Why won't it be necessary to watch me?" demanded the young man, drawing nearer.

"Because you won't be here, Ferdie," said Romeo, calmly.

Ferdinand let out a roar.

"Just for that, you'll get something——"

At that perfectly timed instant Romeo released his clutch for the second time on his suitcase handle. His large fist, propelled by a mighty arm, shot out and connected solidly with Ferdinand's jaw. A few seconds later he remarked to the old man, as the two of them stood gazing down with vastly different emotions into the twitching, pain-convulsed face of the slowly reviving Ferdinand:

"It might have made some difference to him if I had thought to mention in advance that I was what you might call runner-up in the manly art of self-defense at college. In other words, boxing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

There was one other fellow there who could put it all over me at my weight. He was one class ahead of me, but it was just my luck to have him come back for post-graduate work during my senior year. So I never got to be champion."

With that, he picked up the suitcase and strode off toward the tank, his hat precise and orderly on its somewhat eerie perch, the towel still tucked neatly in the crook of his left arm.

The first real yellow and rose tints of day were mounting the eastern sky. Somewhere off in the distance a cowbell tinkled mournfully, rhythmically; a meadow-lark sang his blithe song; roosters crowed; a dog barked shrilly, cheerily. It behove him to hurry; the world was awake.

Ferdinand was on his feet by this time. He was an object of supine decrepitude as he leaned weak-kneed against the platform, his blurred eyes fixed on the figure under the water-spout. His companion also watched, chuckling every now and then.

"Well," said he, finally, "feel any better?"

"You go to hell," said Ferdinand, still blinking at the distant Romeo. "Say, that guy's a prize fighter, that's what he is. Look at his back and—ouch!—shoulders."

"He said he was coming back to ask you to apologize," said Mr. Craig, softly.

"Apologize for what?" demanded Ferdinand.

"For calling him Priscilla, I fancy."

Ferdinand reflected. "I will admit to you that I was mistaken, but I'll be hanged if I'll apologize," he said finally, edging away from his support. He felt tenderly of his jaw.

"He is drying himself now," broke in Mr. Craig. "It shouldn't take him more than three minutes to get back into his clothes. If I were you I'd begin to think about what to say to him when he gets here."

Ferdinand moved off rather briskly toward the station. Mr. Craig hesitated a moment and then started after him, calling:

"Here! You can't go off like this, Ferdinand. It is your duty to——"

"O, I can't, eh? Well, let's see you try to stop me. Ta-ta! You go back and tell the old lady I'm through. Tell her I'm through for life. Tell 'em all. They'll never see me again if I can help it."

Mr. Craig sat down wearily on the doorstep, shaking his head, and there Romeo, refreshed and glowing, found him a few minutes later.

"Hello!" greeted the young man. "I thought you had abandoned me to my fate. I say, are there any signs of that lunchroom being opened?"

"Ah, there is the true spirit of youth," murmured Mr. Craig. "Food! Food at all hours of the day and night. The first thing a baby thinks of is food. It gets awake at midnight, at three in the morning, at sunrise—and howls for food. It——"

"And why does it yell for food?" broke in Romeo, didactically. "Because it's awake, that's why. He looked about him. "Where is your friend?"

His large fist, propelled by a mighty arm, shot out.

MR. CRAIG pointed. "He asked me to tell you that he made a mistake about your name."

Romeo was silent for a long time, gazing moodily at the distant figure on the highway. When he spoke it was to say:

"I am glad he got away without knowing my real name."

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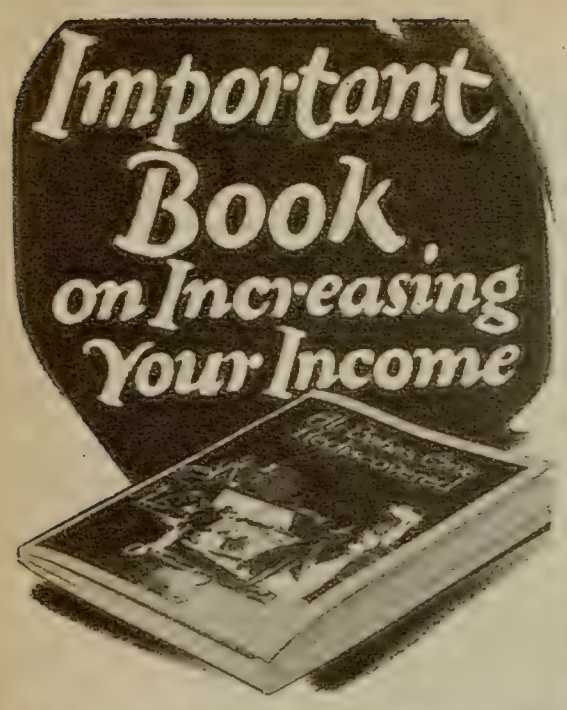

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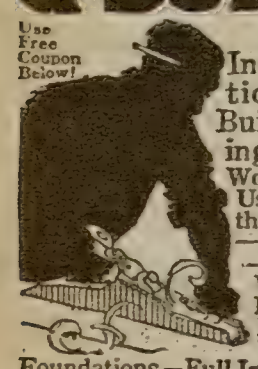

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Mr. Craig looked up. "What is your real name, by the way?"

Romeo hesitated. "Promise not to laugh?"

"I do not feel at all in the mood for laughing, my friend."

"Well—it's Romeo."

"It could have been worse," said Mr. Craig soberly.

"Impossible. Absolutely."

"Mine happens to be Antietam—Antietam Craig. In honor of the Battle of Antietam, where my father distinguished himself by capturing a Confederate battery."

ROMEO politely put his hand over his mouth and coughed.

"It's mighty lucky for you, sir, that he didn't do it at Bull Run," said he, brightly.

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Craig, his face clearing a little as he rose. "Well, I suppose there is no use waiting around here any longer. He is gone, and that's the end of it. I might as well be getting back."

"The lunchroom will be open at seven-thirty," suggested Romeo, more wistfully than he knew. "Better stay and have a cup of coffee or something."

"Excellent idea. I hadn't thought of that, either."

He was a spare little man of sixty, this Mr. Antietam Craig, with keen gray eyes, a tight pair of lips, snow white hair, and ruddy, seamed cheeks. At a glance you would have put him down as a shrewd New Englander of means and education, and you would not have been far out of the way.

"You do not look like a professional prize fighter," said he to Romeo, studying the far from pugnacious countenance of the young man.

"I'm not," explained Romeo. "I'm a tutor. That is, I was a tutor up to day before yesterday. I am out of employment just now."

"I see. Were you tutoring some one in this neighborhood?"

Romeo swallowed hard. "Yes, sir. In the family of a Philadelphia gentleman. His two sons."

Silence fell between them. It was employed by Mr. Craig in covertly appraising the tall young man. He prided himself on being a good judge of character. There couldn't be any mistake about a chap with eyes like Romeo's, gray, clear, and as honest as truth itself.

"You spoke of—ah—I suppose you have another position in view?" he asked.

"Nothing definite at present. I had the promise of one yesterday," Romeo went on wryly, "but it fell through."

Mr. Craig pursed his thin lips. "You see, Ferdinand's defection happens to complicate matters very seriously," he remarked. "I never quite approved of him, mind you, but—O, well, the milk is spilt."

"It's none of my business," began Romeo engagingly, "but what—however, it's none of my business."

"You were about to ask what Ferdinand has to do with it," said Mr. Craig. "A great deal, Mr.—er—Mr.——"

"Egerton."

"—Mr. Egerton. You see, he is her grandson-in-law."

"That's a new one on me," said Romeo.

"He married one of her granddaughters, Susannah—the eldest."

"Son-in-law, twice removed," commented Romeo, nodding his head. "I see. And now he is skipping out, eh?"

"Exactly. Deserting his wife. Leaving them all in the lurch. I did my best to stop him. He wouldn't listen to reason. He says he can't stand the loneliness."

"I don't see how he could be lonely if he has a wife," said Romeo.

"He not only has a wife but four extremely pretty sisters-in-law besides. The trouble is, Mr. Egerton, the family home is in Moon Village. You, of course, have heard of Moon Village?"

"I can't say that I have. Sounds attractive, however."

"Well," began Mr. Craig dryly, "it is about as attractive as a graveyard. Moon Village, I may explain, has been dead for something like fifty years. It is up in the hills, nine miles from the nearest railroad station. Before the Civil War it was quite a thriving little hamlet, with perhaps two or three hundred inhabitants. Today it has a population of exactly nine people. There were ten up to the time Ferdinand left. The first dwelling was erected in 1767. It is still standing and it is, with one exception, the only house occupied by human beings. The other is a tumbledown shanty in which Elijah Bounce, the sexton and man of odd jobs, has lived for ninety years.

"There are, to be exact, twenty-one empty houses in Moon Village. They have been empty for forty years, I believe. Most of them were built a hundred years ago. They are in the last stages of decay. There is but one oasis in this desert of desolation. I refer to the ancient house of the Barrons, the big old house in which live Mrs. Philemon Barron and her granddaughters—the last of the Barrons, you might say. It is, in truth, a deserted village such as Goldsmith wrote about."

"SOUNDS a bit spooky to me," said Romeo. "What happened? Everybody die of the cholera or something?"

"Not at all. When the state began to build its main highways, back in the fifties, Moon Village was miles off the road. The process of decay set in. First the young men of the village left the

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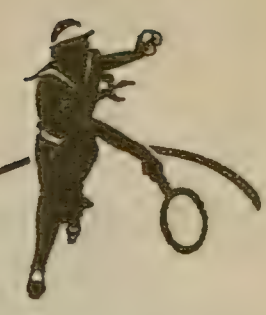

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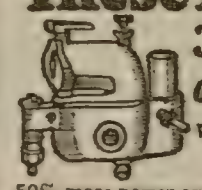

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]
place. A whole generation took flight. The older inhabitants died off. There is no one left today except Mrs. Barron and old Elijah Bounce. Mrs. Barron is over eighty."

Romeo, deeply impressed by this recital, remarked:

"You said something about four extremely pretty young sisters-in-law and Ferdinand's wife. Did I understand you to say that they live in Moon Village?"

"They do," said Mr. Craig, suddenly averting his eyes. "With their grandmother. Their parents are dead." He closed his lips tightly, as if to check something he was on the point of adding.

"Well, for heaven's sake," blurted out Romeo, "why don't they get out, the same as every one else did?"

Mr. Craig yawned.

"Ah," he began, hollowly, "thereby hangs the tale."

ROMEO upended his suitcase and seated himself upon it. There was an eager light in his eyes.

"You've got my curiosity excited," he said, and for no reason at all pushed his hat far back on his head.

Mr. Craig eyed him keenly, calculatingly.

"Are you married, Mr. Egerton?" was his abrupt question.

"God forbid," said Romeo throatily.

"That isn't answering my question. You see, I am a lawyer. 'God forbid' sounds like an evasion to me."

Romeo turned his face away. He felt a sharp stinging in his eyes and a queer contraction of the throat. He swallowed hard.

"I beg your pardon," said the observing Mr. Craig, all the terseness gone from his voice. "It was inexcusable in me to——"

"O, that's all right," said Romeo, recovering his voice and with it some of his lost composure. "I didn't really mean it. I am not married, sir."

This declaration seemed to relieve Mr. Craig. "I thought perhaps I had touched upon a raw spot," he said genially. "Marry in haste, repent with pleasure seems to be the up to date twist our young people have given the old saw."

"I don't mind confessing that it is a tender subject with me," Romeo admitted rather sheepishly, but with a frank wistfulness that betrayed a longing to be comforted.

The other nodded sympathetically. "I understand, my dear boy—quite," he said. "But it is not a subject to be pursued by a stranger. It isn't as if I were your lawyer, you see. It isn't as if you had come to me for expert advice, which, you may be sure, I should cheerfully give, after the rather unceremonious manner in which you settled a case out of court for me a few minutes ago."

"I suppose it was my hat," said Romeo resignedly.

"Eh?"

"I mean, it was the way my hat sits on my bean—I mean, my head—that made him think it would be safe to call me Prissy. By the way, how long has Ferdinand been married?"

"Less than three months."

"Gee!" exclaimed Romeo, a trifle dismayed. "That's almost a record, isn't it?"

"O, they haven't got as far as the divorce court yet. He is merely deserting her. One of the great variety of preliminaries, you understand. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Egerton, I had a queer notion a little while ago that you were up to something of the sort yourself."

"What do you mean?" demanded Romeo, startled.

"Just a notion, of course. I figured that you might possibly be—er—O, well, there are a great many things a young man might be trying to escape. Such as a breach of promise suit or a—Now, don't be angry, my lad. You must forgive an innocent old lawyer his little vagaries."

A COOL moisture broke out on Romeo's brow. Breach of promise! Was Eulora likely to go to that extreme in case he remained firm in his resolve to have nothing more to do with her? Would she go so far as to sue him? Would she hale him into court and—would her father allow her to make a fool of herself by——

"I say, Mr. Craig," he blurted out, "just how far does a fellow have to go before he can be sued for breach of promise?"

"Not very far," replied the lawyer sententiously. "Not as far as you might suppose."

Romeo flushed a mute disclaimer. "Suppose a fellow plans to—to marry a girl and—and she does not show up?"

Mr. Craig smiled benignly. "In my judgment a great deal would depend on whether it would be worth while pecuniarily to go to court about it, Mr. Egerton."

Romeo pondered a moment.

"O, good Lord, I—I couldn't think of suing *her* for breach of promise," he blurted out. "Not by a darned sight! No, sir! Absolutely not. Besides," he interrupted himself to explain hastily, "I am speaking for a friend who—ah—who had something like that happen to him."

"I see," said Mr. Craig, so blandly that Romeo wondered if he hadn't actually succeeded in deceiving him. "I see. A friend of yours. Well, while we are waiting for breakfast suppose you state this hypothetical case."

In dire need of comfort, Romeo presented the hypothetical case with more feeling perhaps than was necessary, representing himself tactfully throughout as "my friend."

"No," said the lawyer, after hearing the story to the end, "she cannot bring an action against your friend for breach of promise. When all is said and done, your friend appears to be still engaged to the young lady. It hasn't been broken off, I understand."

"Not—er—er officially," said Romeo. "But my friend is—ah—very much hurt by the way he has been treated, and it wouldn't surprise me in the least if he broke it off immediately. He wants to go away off somewhere—and—and try to forget her. Sort of bury himself for a while, do you see?"

"I gather your friend is poor but proud."

"That's it exactly. Poor but proud." He thought of something clever to add. "He is too proud to marry."

"But not too proud to fight, eh?"

"I was wondering if you would get the paraphrase," said Romeo, rather pleased with himself. "Yes," he went on resolutely, "he is going away to bury himself for a while. Some place where he can find work and earn enough to live on in a simple, secluded sort of way, somewhat like a hermit, you might say, for a few months."

"I see," said Mr. Craig, understandingly. "I wonder if he has ever heard of Moon Village?"

When the train for the north pulled out of Blackville Junction an hour and a half later a seat in the day coach was occupied by Antietam Craig and Romeo Egerton. The latter had breakfasted simply but sufficiently at the lunch counter, greatly to the astonishment and envy of the dyspeptic Mr. Craig.

Romeo also had telegraphed Bill at Digby and had posted a letter to a friend in New York requesting him to claim and forward his trunk to the town of Hitchford, eight miles from Moon Village. He also wrote and posted his letter to Miss Eulora Oglethorpe.

Craig was sleepy. He had been up all night with the recalcitrant Ferdinand. His fellow traveler, on the other hand, was very wide awake. He asked a great many questions.

"What I can't quite understand," said he as the train puffed and snorted up the grade outside of Blackville Junction, "is Ferdinand's willingness to leave her if she is as beautiful and desirable as you say she is."

"As I said before," explained the lawyer, "Ferdinand is no good. He is just a plain rotter. He wouldn't be satisfied if he was married to—er—to the Queen of Sheba."

"Well, if he is such a rotter, how did she happen to fall in love with him and marry him? I mean Susannah."

"To be perfectly honest with you, I think she did it to get ahead of her sisters. They all wanted to marry him."

"The deuce you say. Well, look here, I want to know right here and now whether I am likely to come up against anything like that. If so, I get off at the next station. Not that I am afraid that one of 'em may nab me in spite of myself, understand, but that I don't want to be everlastingly fighting them off. It's not——"

"My dear boy, you will not be obliged to fight them off, either singly or en masse," interrupted Mr. Craig crisply. "They are lovely, sensible girls, and you needn't flatter yourself that they will fall in love with you. When I stated that they all wanted to marry Ferdinand I did not mean that any one of them was in love with him. Far from it.

"YOU see, it was this way. Each of them was afraid that one of her four sisters might ruin her life forever by marrying the demmed blighter, so what do they all do but virtually offer themselves in sacrifice upon the matrimonial altar.

"The worst of it all was the effect it had upon Ferdinand. He believed that all five of them were in love with him. He became unbearably vain. Just imagine yourself in his place. Five lovely girls in love with you, and all you had to do was to say to yourself, 'I guess I'll take this one.' Moreover, you could change your mind about them as often as you pleased and still be making no mistake.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"MAXIMS FOR FRIEND MAKERS"

Five rules which ought to help you make and keep friends are given in a splendid article, in the May 24th number, by

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Wouldn't it make you a little vain, Mr. Egerton?"

"Gee!" was all Romeo could say.

"I must say this for the girls, however," said Mr. Craig, a trifle tardily: "They conducted their maneuvers with extreme delicacy. In other words, they kept Ferdinand at arm's length. As a matter of fact, he never got to kiss but one of them, and that was Susannah, whom he married. She could not very well help herself. You see, as soon as he and Susannah were married all five of 'em realized there wasn't any use pretending to love him any longer, so they proceeded to let him see how much they really despised him."

"Well, by gosh," gasped Romeo. "I am beginning to feel sorry for poor old Ferdinand."

"He got what he deserved," announced Mr. Craig. "Don't waste any sympathy on Ferdinand. He tried to feather his nest. Those girls will come in for a lot of money when old Mrs. Barron dies. Good riddance to bad rubbish, say I."

"If that's the way you feel about him why were you urging him to go back, Mr. Craig?"

"Because," said Mr. Craig, levelly, "my client, Mrs. Philemon Barron, has her heart set on being a great-grandmother before she dies, if you must know, Mr. Egerton."

THE family lawyer began to tell the story of the ancient Barron family.

Shortly before the Revolution, one Philemon Barron fared forth with his family from Boston and took up his residence in the far western hamlet of Moon Village. It was he who built the Inn in 1794. Following him came four generations of hard, bigoted men, religious zealots, successive heirs to an ever growing fortune. The wealth of the Barrons lay not in Moon Village, but in the city of Boston and in the towns of Hartford and New Haven, where Philemon in his youth had purchased land cheaply.

Each generation succeeded to greater wealth than the one before it. Philemon himself was an only son. Strange to relate, each of his successors was an only son, and they were all Philemons. There were no women in this long line of Barrons—save the wives the men took unto themselves—until the fifth generation, and then came the deluge. Five daughters and not a single man child were born to the fifth Philemon and his wife, the parents of Susannah and her sisters. The line of male Barrons came to an end with Philemon the fifth.

His wife had preceded him to the grave. After her death the last of the Philemons brought his five children back to Moon Village, made his will, and, having nothing further to do with the world, consigned his soul to its Maker and his body to old Elijah Bounce in the month of October, 1906.

Everything that he died possessed of was left to his five daughters, but they were not to come into actual possession until after the death of their grandmother.

Mr. Craig had known the "five Barron girls" from their infancy. He confessed to a somewhat doubtful affection for them. They were forever wriggling out from under his thumb. For instance, he was very much opposed to their taking dancing lessons, but what could he do when the old lady herself argued that no harm could come of it as long as there weren't any men in the village for them to dance with?

The result was the girls not only had their way about dancing, but took up music and elocution as well. All of the girls learned how to play the piano; one of them played the fiddle, another the mandolin and 'cello, another the saxophone, and —worst of all—Cornelia, the youngest, became riotously expert with the trap-drums. According to Mr. Craig, they all thought they could sing.

"You will love all of them, Mr. Egerton," said he, with enthusiasm.

"I'm not a Mormon," said Romeo, stiffly.

Mr. Craig proceeded to bring his history up to date.

"Just about a year ago the girls decided to put their talents to practical use. They went to their grandmother and informed her of their plans. She objected at first and then weakly gave in to them. And that's how it all came about that the Five Barron Sisters started their careers as public entertainers.

"There was money in it—real money. It became necessary to have a manager and treasurer to go about with them; some one to make arrangements, book engagements, drive their automobile, look after the baggage, and so forth.

"Now, this is how Ferdinand Hadberry came to Moon Village. Last fall Mrs. Barron asked me if I knew of an honest, capable man who could be trusted with the management—and so forth—of the Five Barron Sisters. Ferdinand is my nephew, Mr. Egerton. In the light of recent events, I am ashamed to confess it. I now realize that his eagerness to accept the position was due to a base and avaricious desire to feather his nest, as the saying is, by marrying one of the prospective heiresses to the huge Barron estate."

In NEXT WEEK'S installment Miss Eulora Oglethorpe gets a most unexpected shock, and Romeo, in a dead and deserted village, hears the sibilant swish of Vampire Wings.

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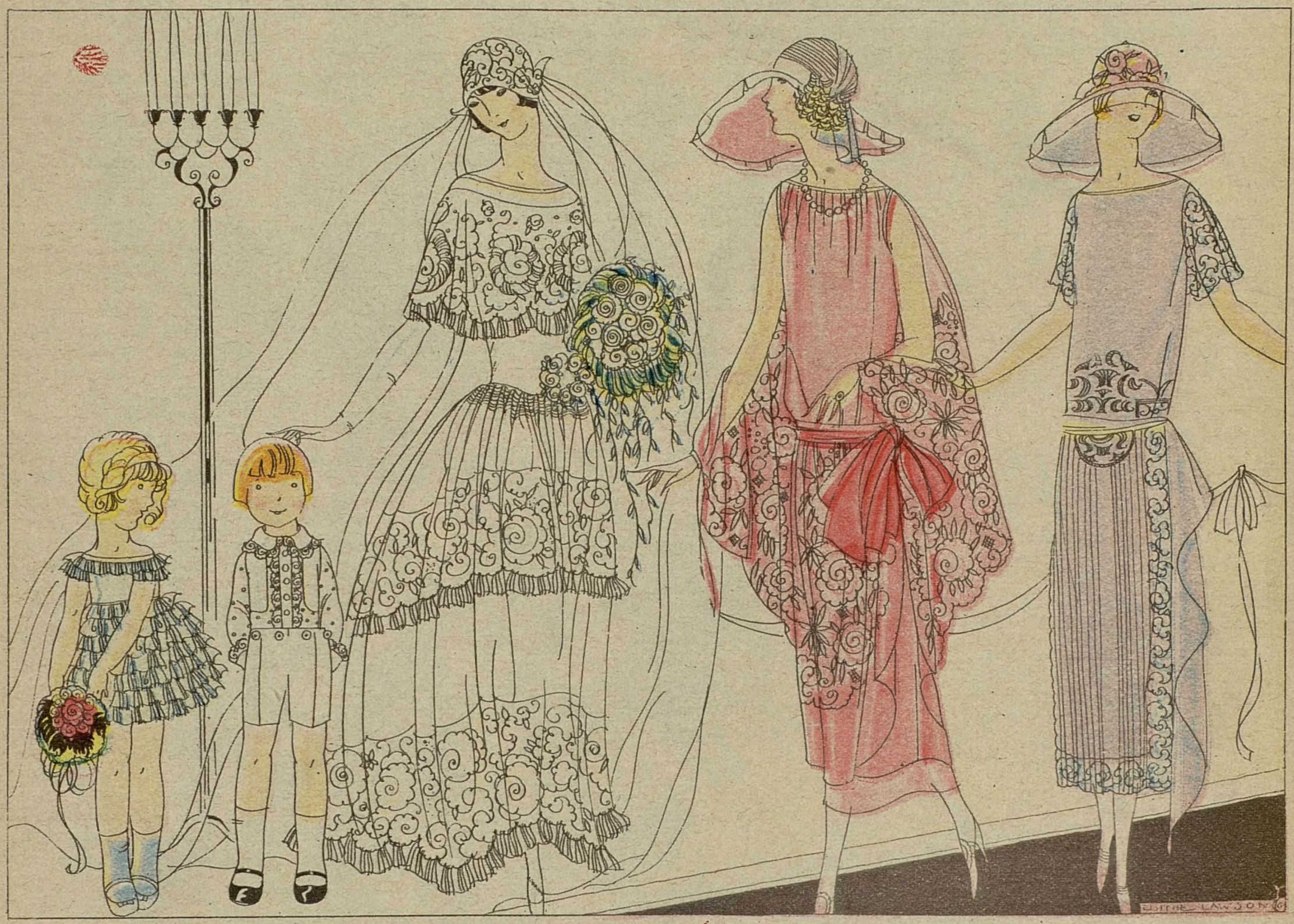
By Corinne Lowe



That the bertha has not renounced its hold upon fashion is indicated by this frock of white satin and Venise lace designed for the youthful bride. At the left a little flower girl in powder-blue crepe Elizabeth is complemented by a page in white satin suit and a dotted Swiss blouse trimmed with Irish crochet. At the right of the bride appears a matron of honor in rose-geranium crepe, combined with self-tinted lace, and revealing under its apron panels a narrow crepe slip. Last, the maid's frock of hyacinth-blue crepe Madeleine is allied with lace dyed to match and accented by a medallion of blue floss.

MERELY white and lace! What a simple formula it sounds! Yet, in spite of its general specifications, the wedding gown has a way of being a particular problem.

Is the bride young or is she marrying, as someone expresses it, "after a lingering girlhood"? Is she tall or petite? Is she willowy or billowy? All such personalities enter into the successful choice of the wedding gown. Nor does the questionnaire stop here. There remain subsequent points of inquiry at which any prudent nature will halt.

Chief among such later considerations is that of wearability. Today we no longer regard the bridal frock as a meteor, something to blaze up and down a church aisle and then forever "go out." We plan for a frock that may be worn on many subsequent occasions.

This season we find numerous wearable models among which to choose. These fall into the two main groups of bouffante and tubular. If one be a young bride and a slim bride one usually selects some kind of wide skirt and fitted bodice. If, on the contrary, one be mature in either years or figure, one avoids this essentially youthful apparel in favor of the long straight line.

These latter models are inflected in many different ways. Sometimes we find the long unbelted tunic over a narrow foundation. Sometimes a flounce of lace, either straight or spiral, completes the long sheath of satin or crêpe. Occasionally the fabric itself flares into godets below the knee line.

Nor have we by any means renounced draping. The graceful side drapery, accented perhaps by a cluster of orange blossoms, is, in fact, always to be recommended to the bride who has passed her first youth.

When lace is employed white is by no means obligatory. Metal laces are frequently chosen. For example, one straight-line satin finishes with a little front flounce of exquisite gold tracery. Another model develops its knee-length tunic in silver lace embroidered with pearls.

Both short sleeves and long tight sleeves are practiced. Equally optional is the train. It must be noted, however, that the bouffante type does not lend itself so well to this accessory as does the straight silhouette and, in case that it be chosen, the responsibility for the essential dignity of bridal raiment usually rests with the veil.

Trains for the wedding gown do not always follow the same schedule. Although the preference is justly given to the court train, one occasionally encounters the side-tracked variety; otherwise, a train descending from either side.

As for the bridesmaids, these usually choose moire, taffeta, tulle, crêpe, or lace, and their range of color selection is as unlimited as ever. However, it must be mentioned that the present popularity of all shades of pink is responsible for a bias in this direction. Also worthy of note is the fact that some brides of today share their own white with their attendants and it must be admitted that these "snow-flake" wedding processionals are wonderfully effective.

Whatever the character of the bride's gown, the bridesmaids usually choose bouffante skirt and fitted bodice. With these, wide hats of tulle or hair are, as a rule, the completing touch. Now and then the adorable little Juliet cap is assumed by the attendants. Also, do not forget that the Directoire period is an influence in our spring modes and — what could be more charming than the high-waisted frock and poke-bonnet of this era adapted to our modern wedding party?

Smart Frocks That Can Be Made in a Jiffy

SUMMER breezes are near, so if we are to keep our composure and look cool we must select light, airy-looking frocks in which we feel as comfortable as we look. This week we are showing some delightful vacation-day clothes for mother, the debutante, and flapper's little sister. Any of these styles can be cut and finished in a few hours. This means a lot to the busy housewife or business girl who has little time and less patience to spend on tedious sewing.

Dress No. 1934 is made of Lanvin green silk crêpe for Sundays and best occasions. Voile, in that new Madonna blue, would look lovely almost any afternoon. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

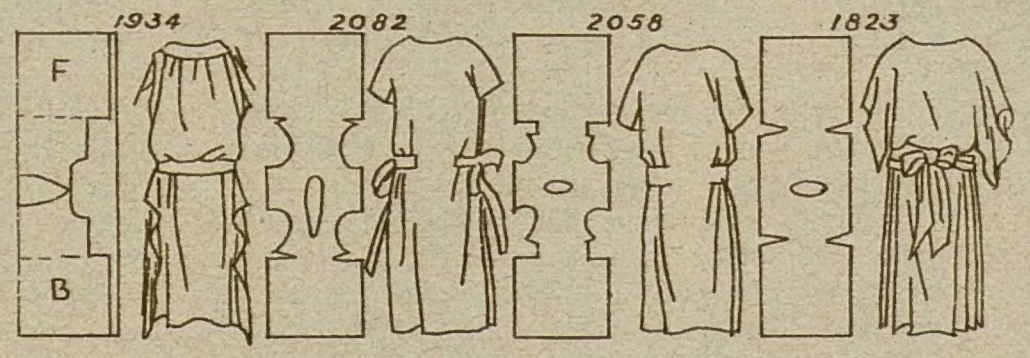
Are you familiar with the wearing qualities of sateen and do you know that it looks as bright and fresh after laundering as it ever did? It would be nice made in this model for general wear. It comes in lovely shades as well as black. Of course there's no reason why you shouldn't make design No. 2082 in gingham, a cotton crêpe, or novelty printed cottons such as cretonne and calico. You'll like it particularly well, as it cuts all in one piece, save, of course, for the inset vest. The pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material with 4 yards of ribbon and 3¼ yards of binding.

You've heard and seen that scarfs—the kind that match your frock—are quite the smartest. All you need buy extra to have one to match frock No. 2058 is one and one-half yards of 15-inch material. There is no pattern for this included. The dress, which cuts entirely in one piece, cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

Have you been longing for a georgette or chiffon frock for occasions that demand something "whispy-looking"? This one, No. 1823, won't cost much, for it takes only 3¾ yards of goods 36 inches wide. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Perhaps you would rather try this dress in a cotton material or colorful silk crêpe.

For small girls who need many changes of frocks, this smart little one, No. 2075, of printed cotton, would be just the thing. Cretonne, gingham, and linen are also suggested. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

You might use parts of two of last summer's frocks in the development of this two-material frock for little sister. The pattern, No. 2078, cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yards of 32-inch plaid material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.



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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin [coin preferred; wrap it carefully] for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, Coloroto Corporation, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

The Good Angel of the War *becomes at last* the Servant of Peace

The homes of the nation can now be made as safe against infection as were the war hospitals in France. The great war antiseptic which saved hundreds of thousands of wounded from amputation or death is now obtainable under the name of Zonite. This germicide is more powerful than pure carbolic, yet it is absolutely non-poisonous.

A NEW antiseptic was discovered by two scientists during the World War. It drove infection from the war hospitals of France and saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of wounded men.

This miracle was performed by the new antiseptic, because: First—it had the active germ-killing powers of poisonous, burning compounds which could not be used freely on the human body. Second—it had the non-poisonous, non-irritating properties of the so-called mild antiseptics which could be used freely on the body but were not effective in killing germs.

The remarkable new antiseptic is now used in hospitals throughout the civilized world.

Facts About ZONITE

The head surgeon of one of the greatest railroad systems in the United States recently lectured to 600 fellow-surgeons. The subject of his lecture was—ZONITE. At a medical meeting just held in Chicago, a lecturer with an international reputation called the particular attention of the 2,000 nurses and physicians present to—ZONITE.

A paper was recently read before the graduating class of a leading dental college. The subject of that paper was—ZONITE.

The safety engineer in charge of first aid for an industry employing more than a million men recently called together the safety engineers at the head of various branches of the industry and talked to them for two hours about ZONITE.

At all druggists—in bottles, fifty cents and one dollar

Zonite is the form in which it has been made available for household use. Among other things, it has made possible the practice of really *effective* oral hygiene (habitual cleansing of the mouth). A teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter of a glass of water will sterilize saliva (kill all the bacteria) in a few moments. Mildly antiseptic mouth washes and gargles won't begin to do it.

It is generally recognized that the bacteria which accumulate in the mouth are responsible for pyorrhea; they can also be the direct cause of all respiratory diseases from ordinary colds to influenza and pneumonia. Zonite not only kills the bacteria, but it instantly overcomes breath odors, hardens the gums and leaves the mouth with a wholesome, cleanly, aseptic taste.

A recent survey indicated that a large percentage of the dentists of New York City are using Zonite as a mouth wash *in their own homes*. The following letter from a dental authority indicates why this is so:

"It was recommended as a mouth wash and oral germicide. This led to an investigation and finally resulted in the adoption of the solution to the exclusion of all other preparations."

Use preventive measures daily in your own home against pyorrhea, coughs, colds and more serious respiratory diseases. The only safe germ is a dead germ.

Zonite's effectiveness as a mouth wash and gargle is only one of its invaluable properties. The Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home describes the many new methods of controlling infection and disease made possible by this modern form of antiseptic. The book will be sent anywhere free of charge upon request.

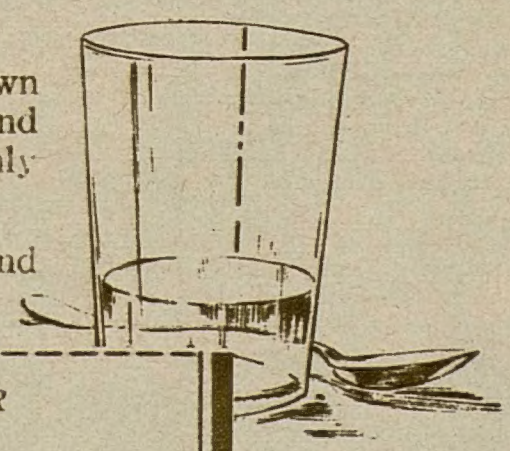
To Women

It is no longer necessary to keep poisonous, burning compounds in the home. Such things are a menace in more ways than one. Zonite can be used freely on any part of the human body to destroy germ life. Although more powerful than pure carbolic acid, it leaves the most delicate membranes and tissues entirely unharmed. Ask your doctor.

A dainty booklet on the subject of Feminine Hygiene will be sent free on request.

FOR HOME USE
—prevents contagion

Use Zonite to protect your family against coughs, colds, grippe and more serious respiratory diseases. Gargle or spray the throat and nasal passages daily.



For mouth-wash or gargle —a teaspoonful of Zonite in a quarter-glass of water twice a day.

Zonite Products Company, *Division R*
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Please send me free copy of

☐ The Zonite Handbook
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THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO. SAYS: "WASH BLANKETS IN LUX"

This is the very month to wash blankets

To keep them unshrunken - - soft - fluffy -wash them this way

How to Wash Your Blankets

A rich, live suds throughout the entire process is essential in the washing of blankets. To obtain this, use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in the washing.

Dissolve Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, souse it up and down and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket.

If the suds die down, too much water has been used in cooling the solution, and more dissolved Lux should be added to restore the suds.

Take care to press the suds through the very soiled spots, but be sure never to rub the blankets. Rinse in three or more, if necessary, lukewarm waters, of the same temperature as the suds.

* * *

Drying: It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.

Careless washing, using harsh soap, has been known to shrink a blanket eighteen inches—a full half-yard—in a single washing.

IT'S blanket washing time all over the country. No matter how carefully they've been used, blankets need a good thorough laundering before they're put away, to keep the moths out. It's only soiled places that attract moths—clean blankets are practically mothproof.

Once it was a real undertaking to wash them—an undertaking that you dreaded because the results were so uncertain. You were careful, painstaking, but even so your blankets would shrink, get stiff and board-like.

Lux has changed all this. You can wash your blankets—big, handsome, all-wool ones, light weight wool and cotton, wool nap—every kind you have—in pure Lux lather without fear of their shrinking or matting.

Ordinary soap or a harsh soap chip takes the life out of any blanket, shrinks it almost beyond recognition. A single careless washing with such soap has been known to make a blanket shrink eighteen inches—a full half-yard!

Lux keeps your blankets like new. It won't shrink or mat them. Year after year you can wash them in these pure bland flakes, and keep them soft, cozy and fluffy. Whatever you can trust to pure water alone you can trust to Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

The North Star Woolen Mill Co., makers of the finest blankets in America, says "We have assured ourselves that Lux does not contain free alkali or any other chemical injurious to the finest grade of wool. The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets."

The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods, Carter's Knit Underwear, the Fleisher Yarns, recommended Lux for the safe laundering of anything containing wool.

WOOL IS AS SENSITIVE AS A BABY'S SKIN

Wool is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. The wool fiber is an animal fiber—made up of tiny horny scales which overlap very much like the scales of a fish. Rubbing cake soap on a woolen garment or rubbing the garment to get the dirt out makes these scale-like fibers interlock, or draw up and shrink. A soap or soap flake at all harsh will also shrink wool as well as coarsen and yellow it.

5 Special Points on Blanket Washing

Extremes of heat and cold shrink wool so that it is just as important to maintain a moderate and even temperature in drying blankets as in washing them. In warm weather dry blankets out of doors in a shady place where they will not flap and blow in the wind. In cold or windy weather dry them indoors. Do not brush.

Rubbing: Blankets are given a nap to make them soft and fluffy and to give them warmth. They should, therefore, never be rubbed as this will remove some of the nap and will also felt and shrink them.

Ribbon bindings will not pucker if stretched taut several times while the blanket is drying, and pressed lightly with a warm iron after the blanket is dry.

Baby's knitted blankets and afghans: For washing follow directions for blankets. Never hang knitted things but spread them on a bath towel to dry, and pull into shape—according to measurements made before the article was washed.

Summer Blankets are sometimes only partly wool, but should be washed as if they were all wool.

Important uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	**Dishes**
Automobiles	**Rugs**
Porcelain	**Paint**
Linoleum	**Shampoo**